

ALASKA, OF THE IN THE FROZEN REGION

By CLIFFORD C. HANCOCK, Seattle, Washington.

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, SCIENCE,
MUSIC, ART, RELIGION, FACTS, FICTION AND TRADITIONS OF
THE NEGRO RACE.



MISS NORA PERKINS, Chicago, Ill.

See page 601.

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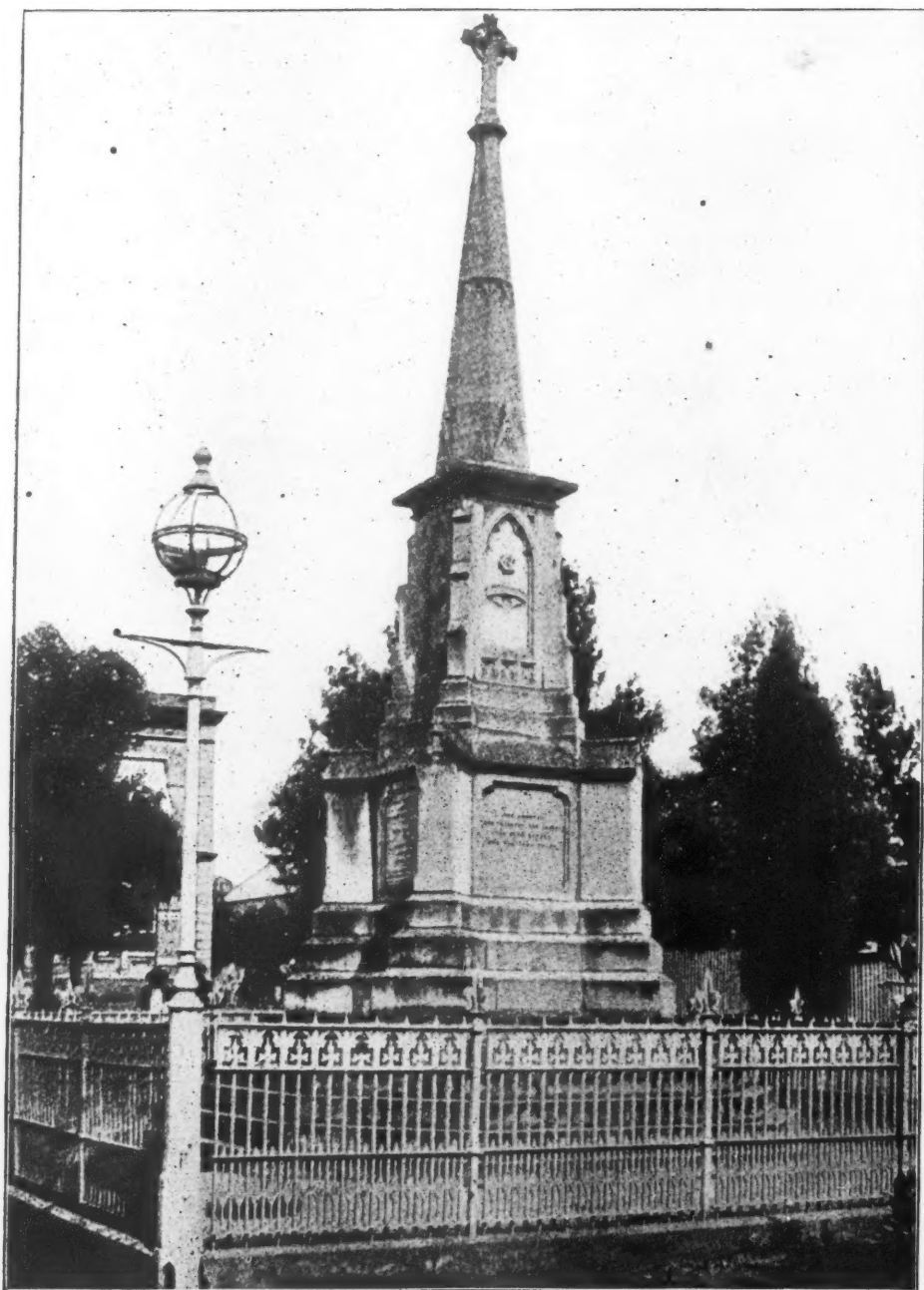
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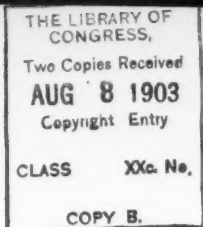
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MEMORIAL OF BUSHMAN'S PASS.

This monument is the most impressive in South Africa. It stands in the public square at Pietermaritzburg, Natal. The redemption of Africa from savagery has been through a flood of blood. The Zulus have displayed unparalleled heroism, fighting with a valor bordering on fanaticism.



MID-SUMMER NUMBER

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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No. 8

ALASKA.

I. UNALASKA AND OTHER POINTS OF INTEREST.

CLIFFORD C. HANCOCK.

If one has the opportunity, there is no more delightful method of acquiring knowledge than in travelling. A practical education in science and art may be gathered from the lap of mother Nature, a knowledge of people, customs and geographical boundaries, which makes the possessor the envy and despair of even the highly cultured, college-bred man or learned professor who has not been blessed with an opportunity to travel. Such was the case with the writer of this sketch,—he found himself hampered by a limited education, but rich in experience and opportunities. The chance suddenly presented itself to him to make an extended tour of the yet unfamiliar country—Alaska. He embraced it, and made a trip that interested and benefited him, and which he believes will interest the readers of the "Colored American Magazine."

A journey to Alaska was a serious undertaking a few years ago. It involved great personal risk, considerable expense, and many long months of weary travel; but it is now considered scarcely more than a holiday excursion, a good share of which may be denominated a marine picnic.

The writer left Chicago June 20, 1899, and spent four days and three nights of pleasant travel, arriving at San Francisco, June 24.

The journey westward seems practically to begin when the traveller reaches St. Paul, where he strikes the trunk line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which has an unbroken track of nearly two thousand miles across the continent, the whole of which is crowded with novelty and interest.

Were it not for the unlimited facilities of transportation afforded by vast railroad enterprises, one wonders how many years would have elapsed before this vast and fertile country would have been developed. In 1850 not a mile of railroad existed west of the Mississippi River. In 1836 there were, at most, but a thousand miles in operation on the entire American continent. Now the country is "gridironed" with rails.

The trip across the continent prepared one somewhat for the strange and wonderful sights soon to follow in the Alaskan journey. We passed through a country rich in grand scenic charms, which praise could not exaggerate. We passed through wheat-fields, gold and

silver-bearing hills, garden-like valleys, gorgeous hop-fields and coal and iron fields second only to those of Pennsylvania. We were deeply impressed by the immense variety of bountiful gifts with which our land is blessed. We thought, too, that with the greatest government the world has ever known, and the richest and most fertile of lands, how shall this people account for cruelty and oppression in its laws to the humblest of its citizens, when the last trump shall call us all to a final reckoning.

gulch of unknown depth on the other, assume a mantle of soft, gauze-like texture in the clear moonlight.

At last we reached San Francisco, and immediately embarked on the Alaskan commercial company's steamer, "St. Paul." Much interest was manifested by the people of the city in the departure of this steamer, as there were on board three companies of soldiers and thirteen officers, four of the latter having with them their wives and children, all of whom seemed happy, be-



ICE SEEN AT EAGLE, ALASKA.

(See page 561.)

We sped on our journey day and night, gliding through long tunnels and deep rock cuttings, over airy trestles, immense embankments, bridges, and viaducts, through deep gorges at night, or creeping over a mountain top, the effect from one's seat in the cars being weird and curious. The snow-tipped peaks on one side and the threatening

cause of the privilege of braving cold and hardships along with the fathers and husbands. Many relatives came to say farewell, and in watching this pathetic scene, the time passed swiftly, bringing with it the day for sailing.

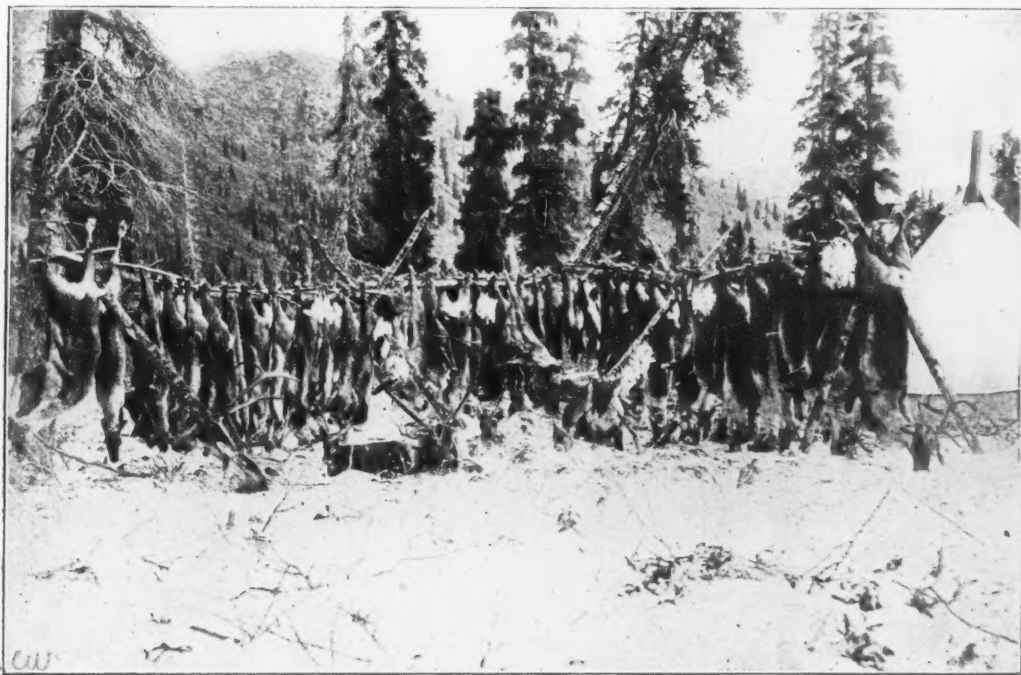
The monstrous sea-dog, the "St. Paul," poured forth a volley of steam from her whistles as a signal that all

was in readiness for sailing. Then ensued thirty minutes of confusion among the mass of people. Here and there a fond embrace was exchanged; here and there a hand-shake. I observed a face stained with tears that a moment before had expressed only happiness. Friends and relatives seemed to realize that soon they must part, possibly never to meet again.

A roar of steam from her whistle signalled that all her lines be cast off and

On the night of July 3, the ship was compelled to anchor because of a dense fog. Officers and crew spent a restless night, fearing danger, but all went well, and at a very early hour in the morning, the ship steamed on toward Unalaska.

Unalaska is a picturesque little town, and it was rejoicing in a 4th of July celebration with intense seriousness and an evident determination to get the most possible out of the day. One cannot express the surprise engendered by such



RESULTS OF A TEN DAYS' HUNT.

hauled upon deck. This was the last signal, and the ship glided slowly out into the mighty deep.

In an effort to divert my thoughts from the sorrow of parting, I endeavored to concentrate them upon the scenery. My attention was soon held by the beautiful effect obtained by the setting sun in the world-renowned "Golden Gate." It was then I wished for the ability of the artist, that I might transfer the scene to canvas.

an unexpected scene in this land of ice and snow.

Unalaska is one of the Aleutian group of islands, and gives to the traveller the most beautiful and unexpected displays of Arctic phenomena. Here the natural grass grows six feet in height, and with such body that one must part it by exerting considerable force in order to get through. The natives braid it into useful and ornamental articles, hats, baskets, mats, and the like. This pro-

lific growth is represented to be remarkably nutritious, and cattle are very fond of it. W. H. Dall predicts that this Aleutian district will yet furnish California with its best butter and cheese. Dr. Kellogg, botanist of the United States Exploring Expedition, wrote: "Unalaska abounds in grasses, with a climate better adapted for haying than the coast of Oregon. The cattle are remarkably

saw in one warehouse sea-otter skins ready for shipment, which were worth a quarter of a million dollars in the London market. Other land furs are brought for shipment to Unalaska, two fur companies having headquarters here. The place has perhaps five hundred inhabitants. It is also rich in both gold and silver mines, one of which is owned by a San Francisco company.



TAKING AN OUTING IN ALASKA.

fat, and the milk abundant. This town is the refitting station for all vessels passing between the Pacific Ocean and Behring Strait, and here also is the principal trading post of the Alaska Commercial Company."

Mr. Wardman, U. S. Treasury Agent, stated, after a visit to this island, that he

The women of Unalaska have always been noted for the beauty and variety of their woven grass mats, and various other ornamental work, particularly in the combination of colors and unique designs. The men are skilful carvers and engravers. Artistic work produced by a native Unalaskan bears compari-

son with that of an experienced and thoroughly educated European.

Our steamer came to anchor in the harbor, and we reached the shore by means of small boats. The two great pioneers of civilization,—the church and school—were in full evidence. The schoolhouse was decorated with American flags, in honor of the day, and the scholars were playing about the building.

mummies of Peru and Alaska are now arranged side by side in the cases of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, and they seem in their general appearance to be about the same.

That night we stood on the deck of the "St. Paul" and watched a very tame display of fireworks, yet doubtless a very elaborate one in the eyes of the inhabitants. It is inspiring to note the signs of patriotism, of civilization and evan-



THE RETURN OF A HUNTING PARTY.

(See page 561.)

It is interesting to know that before the Russians discovered these islands, the natives were in the habit of preserving their dead in the form of mummies, and this had probably been their habit for centuries. Mr. Dell, in his researches, was able to secure several examples of the mummified dead on these outlying islands, eleven of which came from one cave at Unalaska. Ethnologists count this an important addition to our knowledge of the prehistoric condition of these peculiar people. The

gelization in the most Northern town of this great Union.

At three o'clock on the morning of July 5th, the great vessel, with its five hundred souls, seventy head of cattle, and its enormous cargo, had left Unalaska and was steaming against the cold winds of Behring Sea, upon waters as smooth as a mirror, headed for St. Michael, Alaska, at which point we were to board river steamers, and traverse the Yukon River seven hundred miles. On our way we met the steamer "Portland,"

which was two days out from St. Michael. The two steamers came within audible distance of each other, and the captains proceeded to converse through megaphones. The captain of the "Portland" informed us that there had been another great and valuable gold find at Cape Nome, which caused great commotion, and an increase of expectancy on the part of the passengers on our steamer. Fortunately, they were under

went ashore, and found a gloomy, muddy, filthy town with a population of two hundred people, about a third of whom were Eskimos; the dirtiest alley of civilization could not be compared with St. Michael. We spent five days there, preparatory to our voyage up the Yukon River, visiting all points of interest.

One is unable to forget the gruesomeness of the graveyard, with the head or



CAPT. C. R. FARNSWORTH.
(See page 561.)

government contract, or they might have gone to Cape Nome from St. Michael, and met the disappointment which greeted many hundreds who did.

We were greatly amused by a shoal of whales, and upon pitching several boxes and barrels overboard, the whales amused themselves and entertained us by tossing them into the air with water sent through the tops of their heads.

On July 8, our vessel anchored in St. Michael Bay, within two miles of the shore. About ten o'clock a party of us

feet of the dead exposed to public view. It is interesting to note the manner in which they indicate the occupation of the deceased by placing above the grave a fish, caribou or moose, which symbol signifies that the departed was skilled in hunting or fishing.

It rained the entire five days that we remained in St. Michael, and I was never more delighted than when the time came for our departure for the Upper Yukon. Before leaving, I received a call from Mr. Jesse Swanigan,

an employe of the Alaskan Commercial Company. This was a pleasant surprise. The Eskimos found us great objects of curiosity, as two colored men were an unusual sight. Six or eight days later found us seven miles up the Yukon River, among a still more curious tribe known as the Alaskan Indians.

The Yukon is the great river of Central Alaska, and the third in magnitude in America. "The region drained by

American Indian in their love of a nomadic life, yet those who have decided to cease roving, build cabins, and in the most primitive manner imaginable, set up housekeeping. Both tribes are very filthy and very hardy, living in tents after the thermometer has dropped to sixty or seventy degrees below zero. They can endure more cold than the average animal of the United States.

One afternoon as I sat reading and



YOURS FOR COLD WEATHER.

the Upper Yukon," says Mr. Hallock, "is a perfect Eden, where flowers bloom, plants yield their berries and fruits, majestic trees spread their umbrageous foliage, and song birds make the air vocal. The water of the streams is blue and pellucid; the blue of the rippled lake is like Geneva's; their banks resplendent with verdure and shining pebbles."

Although the Eskimos are remotely allied to the white race, the Alaskan Indians acquire more readily the habits of the Anglo-Saxon. They resemble the

thinking, my solitude was disturbed by the chattering of these Indians, and later there came a rap at the door. I called out "Come in;" no one entered. Again I called "Come in;" no one entered. I arose and opened the door, and found a group of Indians standing huddled together. I extended a courteous invitation to them to enter my cabin, but they stood in silence for a few minutes, regarding me intently. Presently they began chattering among themselves, then one of them came up to me

and placed his hand on my face, and made a noise very much like the rattle of an angry rattlesnake; this was his expression of sympathy. He continued to touch my face with his fingers, and to rub and pinch the surface, then turning to his companions, said, "Ut-see-kee," "Ut-see-kee," "Te-doak-da-utley," meaning, "Oh, my! too bad! too much sun." One of the small boys who could

are often found intoxicated because of their love for whiskey. They hunt all winter and fish all summer. The cinnamon and black bear, mountain sheep, caribou, moose, rabbit, grouse and ptarmigan are hunted with great success.

The fur trade of the land is by no means equal to that of the sea, still its aggregate results are considerable. Nu-



CLIFFORD C. HANCOCK.

speaking English interpreted it for me. Later, I learned to speak their language quite fluently. I told them I was one out of nine million who had been affected by too much sun. After this, I made good friends of them, and found much pleasure in hunting trips with them. Some of them speak English, and can make themselves understood; they are fond of music and dancing, and like to dress "all sama 'Merican;" they

merous hunters and white traders do a profitable business. The most prolific and valuable fur-yielding district is the valley of the Yukon, where the beaver, martin and moose abound.

The fur-trade is open to all, but requires capital to make it profitable. The natives do nearly all the hunting and trapping. Fishing is abundant, as the streams are crowded with halibut, cod and salmon. Most people think of Alas-

ka as being a country covered with ice and snow the year round, but during the months of June, July and a part of August, the hills are covered with a profusion of trees and grasses and many varieties of beautiful wild flowers. You will experience as pretty summer days in the central part of Alaska, during the summer months, as you would in the tropics. The summer season is very short, but profitable, particularly to the gardener. The season is sufficiently long to raise such vegetables as lettuce, onions, cabbages, radishes and many more of the early vegetables. There is no total darkness during the summer months, but there is very little light in winter. For six weeks you do not see the sun at all. The United States government is doing much to improve the country, and to induce people to settle portions of it; much of the fifty thousand dollars that Congress appropriated in 1900, is being used to build a telegraph system from Skaguay on the Pacific coast to St. Michael on Behring Sea. A large percentage of the line is already completed. The Government has established military posts and mail routes, thereby making the delivery of mail more frequent; saw-mills have also been built, and they supply a long-felt need. On the Canada side they are doing likewise.

As a whole, Alaska is a very interesting country. One of the most beautiful sights is the Northern Lights. I find myself at a loss for words to express the grandeur of the electrical display as they begin each cold night to play tag with each individual star in the firmament, returning to their mysterious hiding places to come forth again with colors far more beautiful than those of the rainbow. No person has ever been able to define their origin. They impress me as being one of the great mysteries of the Godhead. They sometimes forget that they must give way to day-

light, and as late as eight o'clock may be seen playing around in the firmament like lambs in a pasture on a beautiful spring morning.

The beauty of Alaskan scenery is so grand and varied that to call it the Norway of America would convey but a faint idea of its magnificence. Sailing northward through the inland sea one beholds the beauty of myriads of islands, the grandeur of the glacier and mountains of perpetual snow whose dazzling peaks extend beyond the clouds.

Nothing can be more impressive or grander than the display of glaciers. The still surface of the water reflects the Alpine scenery like burnished silver, only ruffled now and then by icebergs launched from a mighty glacier. These enormous masses of ice rise to the surface, settle and rise again until they regain their equilibrium, and float away exhibiting their vivid colors in the sunlight.

The roar of artillery upon a battlefield could hardly be more deafening or incessant than the thrilling reports caused by the breaking up of immense masses of ice from a glacier's front. Nothing disturbs this frigid splendor; not a sound falls upon the ear save the hoarse cannonading of the glacier. The white, ghostly hue of the surroundings is startling; even the daylight assumes a certain weird, bluish tint, heightened by shimmering reflections from the ice-chasms and crevices.

The ice seen at Eagle, Alaska, of which I send a photograph to illustrate this article in the "Colored American Magazine," is kindly loaned by Captain C. S. Farnsworth, Quartermaster of the 7th United States Infantry. This picture was taken just after the break-up of the ice. The water had fallen and left the ice banked as pictured.



RAPIDS ON UMGENI IN UPPER NATAL. A POPULAR RESORT FOR HUNTING PARTIES.

ETHIOPIANS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

II. QUESTIONS AFFECTING THE NATIVES AND COLORED PEOPLE RESIDENT IN BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA.

A. KIRKLAND SOGA.

To the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, P. C., M. P., His Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies, etc. :

On the effect of Polygamy on the labor market, we attach little importance, for, numerically Polygamists are not a large class, and as an independent class they are generally capable of maintaining themselves without going out to work in the same manner as the aristocracy in England. We attach more importance to the results of the custom in degrading the womenfolk and by the force of example on the young manhood, destroying all legitimate desire for self-improvement, and the cultivation of the

higher arts of civilization and the moral and religious elevation of the people. The only remedy for this is education and Christianity; but here again we are faced by defects of administration, which were called attention to amongst others, by the late Bishop Bransby Key of revered memory, who pointed out to the Commission on "Native Laws and Customs" in 1881, "that the Government and administration of the Native tribes lacked 'executive force,' " besides other notable authorities who impressed upon

the Commission the necessity of the gradual abolition of polygamous marriages. Although the Commission made it an instruction that evil customs should be gradually abolished, there are evidences of administrative failure to carry out this wish. The effect of this neglect is now being felt on the labor question and other matters.

The location system of the country does not encourage the Natives to migrate with their families to the laboring centres, as the Natives are taxed in the locations without security of tenure which kills all ambition to improve their surroundings or to aspire to a higher state of life. In many cases it is to be feared that such taxes are applied to other purposes than the improvement of the sanitary condition of the locations and the efficient regulations of the municipal needs of the inhabitants, the result being generally seen, in the lamentable spread of diseases, the high death-rate, and the depraved moral status of the people who occupy these locations. In place of pure and healthy townships we have a condition of squalor which is already a bye-word in many cases.

Closely associated with the Master and Servants' question, and labor generally, is that of liquor. The connection between liquor and crime is shown by the fact that one-half of the serious crimes with which the Circuit Courts have to deal are the result of drink, even in the Transkeian Territories, where restrictive measures short of total prohibition are in force. Its effects on the morale of the Native people in lowering their respect for authority, and their manners and behavior, and its demoralizing consequences generally, are such as no sane country would tolerate without incurring serious loss and injury. The debasing effects of drink on the masses are testified to by Ministers,

Magistrates, and others in authority, and there is an almost unanimous opinion on the part of the public, that the traffic must be restricted in its operations. The efforts of the Temperance Societies and the Missionary bodies show encouraging signs of success, and the work of these devoted people has been greatly aided by the measure known as the Innes Liquor Bill, which falls short of total



CUTTING SUGAR-CANE IN NATAL.

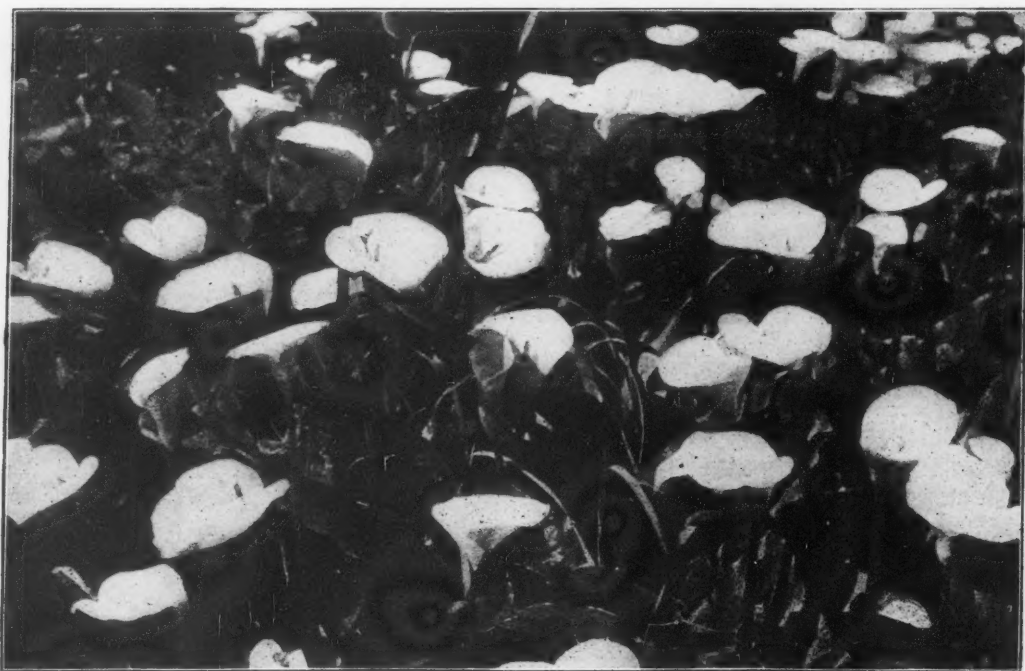
Sugar is one of the most prosperous industries of South Africa. Immense tracts of land are under cultivation, and great numbers of natives are employed in cutting cane.

prohibition. But the question is aggravated by the conduct of Licensing Boards, and legislation which gives the power of "local option" to the Divisional Councils upon which the Native taxpayers are not represented. Total prohibition of the sale of liquor is strongly advocated by many, but on this subject there is a division of opinion, some fear being expressed that the objectionable feature of class-legislation would thus be introduced as an injurious precedent.

Much satisfaction is expressed at the stringent regulations enforced by the new regime at the Rand for protecting the Natives, and the industries, against wholesale demoralization. It is felt, however, that something more is needed in the Cape Colony to deal effectively with liquor and Kaffir-beer in the best interests of the country.

The beneficial results of magisterial authority are most strikingly apparent in

edge, and improvement in conduct," is, with a few exceptions, wanting. The premature concession of Responsible Government has doubtless resulted, as in other things, in a lack of sustained effort such as that recommended by the Native Laws and Customs Commission of 1881 to be observed, and the Government has not been able in the multitude of its responsibilities to give effect to those reforms which are so necessary to



ARUM LILIES, THE SOUTH AFRICAN WEEDS.

These lilies are so abundant that they extend for miles and miles in an unbroken line of whiteness along river banks.

the cessation of tribal wars, and their presence is a corrective to sedition, insubordination, and lawlessness among the more turbulent tribes. At the same time it is noticeable that in the Native Territories, the administration, to quote a well-known authority, "lacks executive force."

The personal influence of the Magistrates in the encouragement of that progress which is indispensable to the "material well-being, increase in knowl-

the proper administration of Native affairs in regard to the improvement of the laws and the social condition of the people.

On a general survey of Native policy in South Africa, the necessity of endeavoring to arrive at some connected system between the States in order to give more uniformity of administration is made more apparent by the condition of Native affairs in the otherwise progressive Colony of Natal.

Amongst intelligent Natives the conditions there are a bye-word, and may not incorrectly be described, we think, as one of "nursing barbarism in the lap of civilization." The system of Native government in the Sister Colony affords cause for grave anxiety, and appears to call for more extended inquiry. The land laws both there and in the Cape Colony and the other States, in so far as they may apply to the Natives, require careful revision with a view to the protection of the people in their tenure and individual rights, which at present is on an unsatisfactory footing.

It appears that in Natal the Government is alienating large tracts of land from the Natives, who are to remain in future as squatters on land formerly held by them, giving their services without payment to the farmers for the right of occupation. This system appears to be in direct conflict with solemn treaties entered into by the British Government to protect them in their possession. A double profit is thus secured to the farmer in the labor and the product, besides the advantage of owning the land and practically enslaving the people. The disabilities placed in the representation of the intelligent Natives on the Franchise are also a subject of remark.

Speaking of Unity, it is painfully apparent that this sentiment conveys nothing more to some of the leaders of public thought in this country, as well as a large class of the European public than of uniting Briton and Boer so as to present what is called a "solid front" to an alleged "black menace."

The cardinal principle of reconciliation between the whites is said by the leaders of Dutch thought to lie in the concession of complete self-government being accorded to the people of this country.

These two schools of thought, although differing on the question of race predominance, meet on the common

ground of antagonism to the Natives, and this feeling has been fostered by the actions in legislation and utterances on the public platform and press of leading public men. On the simple question of admitting the Native subjects of the King to participate in some degree in the defence of the Empire, we have the recommendation of our Premiers of the Cape and Natal to the conference of Premiers in London, which is suggestive of the political ostracism of His Majesty's Native Subjects. Added to this is the recommendation to raise the strength of the defensive forces of the Cape Colony ostensibly for the protection of one class—the whites, against the other class—the blacks.

Just as we believe that the Unity of Natives for the purpose of attempting to overturn the established authority of the white man is the "chimera" of ill-informed minds, and an idea which is belied by traditional tribal disunity, so also do we believe that the conception of uniting the white races in a league against the Native as a class is bound to failure.

We were of opinion that conditions had undergone a change, and that the Natives were no longer to be looked upon as a class for special and exclusive treatment, or to be governed by a policy of continued suspicion. We thought that they were now to be received with confidence within the political family circle as true citizens of the Empire, and that the doors of the Temple of Peace would be thrown widely open that they also might enter freely in with their white brethren to share in the coming prosperity which has been so eloquently described by the great advocates of the Commonwealth.

To say that the Natives feel perfectly secure in the protection of their liberties, would, in face of the examples already advanced, be misleading and contrary to fact. In the honesty and integrity of

British feeling towards them, and the Christian conscience behind it, Yes! In the loyal execution of the dictates of that feeling by those Colonial Statesmen at present charged with the duty of giving expression to it under the systems of Responsible Government at present in vogue in the Cape and Natal, we say No! In them that sense of security has been greatly shaken, and the confidence which the Natives are accustomed to give to those in authority has been sadly abused in the desire to pander to a mistaken sentiment of suspicion and enmity against them for party purposes and other selfish aims.

How the British Government is going to reconcile such sentiments and aspirations which are powerfully supported in this country with its solemn pledges of protection to the weaker races, is the cardinal question for us. How those who have been traditionally opposed to the Natives in their conduct and government in the past, such as the Dutch anti-Native class, and the other class of British anti-Natives who support them, are to be granted absolute control of the Natives under the new Federation before they have furnished satisfactory evidence of a change in their attitude and feelings, is a question that will interest others beside the Natives themselves, and it should engage the serious attention and jealous regard of all true lovers of constitutional liberty.

It is not sufficient for the Boer leaders to say that the Natives must be treated with justice and fairness. Our experience in the past leads us to know how little we can expect from such professions on their part, and we have the experience of other countries before us, and especially of the Southern States of America where, on the authority of such men amongst others as ex-Governor Pinchback in a review of the political status of the Afro-American people, he says:—

"It is noticeable that wherever colored men have been deprived of the ballot, unjust class-legislation has speedily followed, race antagonism has been intensified, and lawlessness and outrage against the race increased."

The time does not appear to us to be ripe for Great Britain to entirely divest herself of her obligations of Empire, or for the British people to seek to be relieved of their trust. However desirable the unity of the white races may be, and we are conscious of its necessity in the best interests of the ruling caste, any conception of unity which is founded on the political extinction of the Native element towards which a section of public feeling appears to be drifting in South Africa would, to our mind, be unwise and in the highest degree unstatesmanlike. Our own conception of our duties as loyal subjects is sadly deficient in the ignorance of the mass of the people which will call for strict management in which the support of the intelligent Natives will be cordially pledged to the British Crown in maintaining law and order, and that Ideal of Policy which has been so well expounded by a contemporary English writer, and by the American statesman, Wm. J. Bryan:—

"A Briton worthy of the name of great—great as the mother of free communities beyond the sea—great in her loyalty to her old traditions as the land of religious liberty, the home of constitutional freedom—great as the protector of the weak against the strong, the champion of the oppressed against the oppressor—great, not by reason of the extension of her military frontier, but in the strength of her moral position; Britain, great for Christ and for humanity.

"It must be by beneficent laws, it must be by a just government which a free people can love and upon which they can rely, that the nation is to be preserved. We cannot put our safety in a

great navy; we cannot put our safety in expensive fortifications along a sea-coast thousands of miles in extent, nor can we put our safety in a great standing army that would absorb in idleness the toil of the men it protects. A free government must find its safety in happy and contented citizens, who, protected in their rights and free from unnecessary burdens, will be willing to die that the blessings which they enjoy may be transmitted to their posterity."

His Majesty's black and colored subjects must be made to feel in a way they have never felt before, that the question of social equality and other impediments which are drawn across the trail are not made the lever for the subversion of the highest civic and political rights which, conformable to constitutional limitations and the predominance of the ruling caste, are freely and impartially extended to all classes under the benign rule of His Gracious Majesty Edward VII.

IN MY LADY'S PRAISE.

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE.

A perfect work, God made somewhere,
 I only know that thou art fair.
 Made of some priceless loom, and dyes
 He wrought you, flesh and hair and eyes—
 For thou art fill'd with every rare
 And precious thing of earth, sky, air.
 The magical blue of warm June skies
 Gleams in your calm and sultry eyes;
 The unguent of the fragrant fields
 No sweeter, subtler perfume yields
 Than the aroma of your breath,
 Delicate fragrance attared 'neath
 The sculptured, firm white beauty of
 Your neck, arch'd so sweetly above
 The undulation of your breast
 Like ocean swells in slow unrest,
 With such exquisite motions act
 Like captious, yearning cataract,
 It seems from some sweet source to swell
 Full, passionate and musical.
 I would not praise too much your charms;
 The curvature of your fair arms;
 For the hand that modeled you
 Gave every line respective due.
 Laborious tho' his task begun
 'Twas pleasure when he viewed you, done.
 Whatever might his joy have been
 'Tis confident he tried again
 To give you more than sculptured grace
 In lineaments of form and face.

He tuned the strings of soul and sense
 To notes of soothing elegance;
 The quintessence of April's dream
 In varying moods of shade and sheen
 Tempered the phases of your mind
 To fancies changeful as the wind.
 He gave you joy, the crown of life,
 Pure metal unalloyed with strife;
 And just enough of passion, too,
 To make you madd'ning thro' and thro'.
 But these mere words do ill supply
 The color to paint my visioned eye.
 The blended beauty in you, glows
 Of lily, violet and rose;
 The lily, symbol of thy pure
 Chaste, gracious soul; the lure
 Of spiritual radiance, which,
 Shrine you a saint in holy niche;
 But when endowed with saddened mien
 A pensive violet you seem,
 A tender, tearful, yearning child
 Of fragrant senses, frail and mild.
 And then, you too can turn to be
 A gorgeous rose divinity —
 Love, life and passion smiling thro'
 The perfect fullness of your hue!

THREE TIMES MET.

MARINER J. KENT,

There was a crunching of bone as the fangs of the bloodhound sank into the arm of the struggling Negro. The keen knife of the man had stretched dead one of the two hounds that had run him down but, before he could withdraw the blade, the massive jaws of the other had closed upon his fore-arm with a cruel grip. A comely mulatto woman crouched on the ground, and holding an infant protectingly in her arms, had watched the conflict between the man and beasts with horror. When the last bloodhound fastened upon his prey, she darted to where the dead hound lay, and snatching the knife from its carcass drove it into the living brute who, with the second blow of the knife, relaxed his

hold and fell to the earth quivering in death. Then she bound up the man's lacerated arm, and the two fled onward to the North where, on Canadian soil, there was freedom from bondage.

These fleeing ones were runaway slaves from Texas, and were making the long and dangerous journey Northward by the way of the "Underground Railroad." The phrase quoted was a significant one during a generation past, and for these reasons: In 1832 the American Anti-Slavery Society was organized, and one of its pet schemes was the freeing of the slaves of the South through the help of the agents and friends of the Society. An escaping Negro found unknown friends and as-

sistance in the swamps of the bayous or in the bottoms of the Mississippi, and once in the Northern line of states, helping hands on every side. When out of the land of the brave and the home of the free, and safe from pursuit in Canada, if asked the way by which he came his guarded answer would be, "By the underground railroad."

The chain of events that this story sets forth began in the spring of 1855, and in that year Richard J. Hinton, one of the agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society, was operating in Texas, with headquarters at a little frontier-town near the border of Arkansas. This daring agent was an Englishman by birth, but an American in spirit, belief and loyal service to the Republic. He assumed to be the confidential agent of an English capitalist, who wished to invest a large amount in Texan lands. From the nature of his supposed errand he was cordially received by the Texans who, in those days, looked with suspicion upon every stranger that came into their midst, unless he brought the most convincing credentials that he was not a sympathizer with the growing anti-slavery spirit of the North. Hinton's broad Yorkshire accent and pronounced English manner at once forbade any supposition that he was in league with the Yankees. Parenthetically, it may be said that Hinton in after years was foremost in the Kansas struggle, a trusted lieutenant of John Brown of Ossawatamie, and many scars from wounds received in battle attest to five years of brave service in the war of the rebellion.

The landlord of the modest hotel where Hinton stopped had a niece, a charming girl, and, but for her, this story would never have been written. There never was a good story without a woman in it, and the landlord's niece was one of the kind of girls that needs must create a comedy or a tragedy, now and then, according to the mettle of the men

she attracts. She was the only girl in the world for Gilbert Faversham, the popular editor of the "Weekly Clarion," but, as Lorena said to her uncle, a man does not win a woman with the fiery strength of his own love; it but feeds itself without the radiant power to kindle the slightest flame in the heart of the woman.

Lorena looked kindly upon Hinton, and he, susceptible and ardent, yet withal gentle to women, made open love to the maiden. Faversham looked on with a bitter heart, in which mingled hatred for the supplanter and adoration for the woman just beyond the barrier he could not bridge. He could not, for fear of ridicule, provoke a quarrel with Hinton, having as a cause his flouting by a woman and, therefore, he must rid himself of his rival in a less dangerous and a more certain way. His brooding mind hit upon a plan as effective as it was despicable, and yet, under the duplicity of it lay hidden the truth.

Hinton had brought a fine animal with him, and was much in the saddle in his suppositious quest of land. He frequently returned from his little journeys late at night, to escape the heat of the day, and would put up his horse and gain his room without arousing the inmates of the hotel. One night his incoming was almost timed by the rising of the sun. At midnight he had faced the danger of meeting a number of colored men who longed for escape from bondage. To be discovered with these men meant death by hanging for Hinton, and the cruel and long-applied lash for the others. He was there to supply the men with funds, and to give them verbal directions as to the route, hiding-places, and friends to be found, for, on the succeeding night, this band of slaves were to make a break for freedom in the face of appalling difficulties and ever-present fear of death. They were not to attempt to escape in a body, but each for him-

self, and when the conference was over, the little group, conscious of the perils to be met, silently clasped hands and disappeared in the wood by various paths. Hinton rode to his hotel with a sad heart. It was his last day in Texas, and the last of his hours with Lorena. He could not tell her that he was going away, for on the secrecy of his departure rested his tenure of life and the success of his mission. When in New York, if he succeeded in reaching there, he would write to her and account for his sudden departure. The letter to Lorena, however, was never written. The stress of struggle and battle into which Hinton was soon drawn effaced the light love for the Texan maiden which with propinquity would have grown to a lasting passion.

In the afternoon, as Hinton strolled through the principal street of the town he was soon aware that he was avoided by the men who had hitherto been friendly to him, and was scowled at by those who were strangers to him. Meeting a prominent citizen, who would have passed him with a mere nod, Hinton at once demanded that he be told the cause of the general avoidance of him. He was very frankly answered in this wise: "The editor of the 'Clarion' has circulated the story that you are from the North, and an emissary of the abolitionists. I do not believe the story, myself, and I trust that you can disprove it." "I can and I will," replied Hinton, and, to all appearances, calmly proceeded to the office of the "Clarion," which was in one of those small, one-story buildings, commonly consecrated to new-born country newspapers. Faversham was alone when the Northerner entered and, looking up at his visitor, was confronted with the muzzle of a seven-shooter. "I want you," said Hinton, quietly, "to write a retraction of the story about me that you have set afloat. If you do not do it within the next five

minutes I will kill you." It was no empty threat, as Faversham at once realized, and he wrote the retraction and handed it to Hinton without a word. The latter took the paper, and, passing out, tacked it to the outer door of the building, where it was read and commented upon by growing numbers of the townspeople. Within, Faversham raved over his humiliating defeat. His pride forbade that he should admit that the retraction was forced from him at the point of a revolver, and he well knew that had he refused to give the paper, Hinton would have shot him dead, and, in accordance with the Texan code, would have won the sympathy of the people for the killing of his traducer. He had been outflanked, but, before he slept, he or his rival should bite the dust.

In the meanwhile, Hinton leisurely proceeded to the hotel, ordered his horse and cantered away, as if taking his customary evening ride. Outside of the sight of the village, he urged his animal to full speed and so rode, night and day, and changing horses frequently, until he was out of Arkansas on the North. He knew that he would be pursued, for the flight of the slaves and his own precipitate departure on the same night would make him a marked man. Several weeks later, when he reported to the Society at their headquarters at New York, he was overjoyed to learn that every one of the band of slaves that he had helped to free had reached Canada in safety.

The night that followed the third day of the attack on Fort Donelson was one of the saddest in the history of the Civil War. The cold was intense, the thermometer indicating more than twenty degrees below the freezing point. The soldier slept as best he might, leaning on his musket, or resting on his knapsack. Four thousand brave men lay scattered over the battle-field, many of them dead, scores of the

wounded freezing to death, their feeble but piteous cries filling the weary hours with woe. With such a background, goodness, pure, true and unselfish, shines as with a heavenly light. General Lew Wallace, the now famous author of "Ben Hur," with many of his men who, filled with his spirit and fired by his example, worked far into the morning hours, ministering to the wounded on both sides, and with kindly hands burying the dead.

In the gray of breaking light an officer, bearing a flag of truce, rode out from the Confederate lines. Hinton, now a captain and a staff-officer in the Union army, was sent to meet the bearer of the white flag. When the two officers reined up between the lines, Hinton and Faversham met for the second time. They recognized each other at a glance and the latter, moved with the rush of fierce rage, drew his revolver and fired point-blank at the man he hated. The bullet grazed Hinton's temple and he reeled in his saddle. When he had recovered his faculties, his dastardly foe had gained the rebel ranks. Hinton could but wonder at the strength of a personal hate that would lead an officer to forget the sacredness of a flag of truce, but he was unaware that, after his departure from the Texan town, Lorena

had rejected Faversham's suit, and to escape his unwelcome pursuit of her, had gone to live with relatives in Kansas.

At Gettysburg, in the second attack on Culp's Hill, a division of the Confederates gathered up its strength for a final effort, and rushed forward with tremendous fury. They were allowed to come within easy musket-range, when the men in blue poured in upon them a deadly volley. The Confederates fell back in confusion, torn and bleeding, their dead and wounded companions piled in heaps on the ground. Yet they fought bravely as they retired, and so stubbornly that, in places, it was man to man—hand to hand. Bayonets were crossed and guns were clubbed. In the midst of this wild charge Hinton met Faversham for the third and last time. They came face to face, and the latter, with the old hatred blazing in his eyes, rushed upon his foe who, alert and on the defensive, had need of all his skill to ward off the fierce strokes of his enemy's sabre. Suddenly a bayonet leaped upward, and sank its length into the breast of Faversham, piercing his heart. The arm of the colored soldier that made the deadly thrust was deeply scarred. It was the arm torn by the bloodhound in the Arkansas woods in the spring of 1855.

Failure is no disgrace; try again.

Never talk of what you are going to do; plan, and execute your plans, and people will see what you have done.

Ambitious hopes are better revealed by deeds than words.

It's not what others do, but what you do yourself that brands your character.

Night—so the people say—has no eyes; but we should remember that darkness covers the most discreet of spies.—William J. Skelton.

THE HAND OF PROVIDENCE.

WILLIAM H. BERRY.

"If to appear for my country is treason," rang out the words of young Josiah Quincy in Revolutionary times, "and to arm for her defence is rebellion,—like my fathers, I will glory in the name of rebel and traitor, as they did in that of Puritan and enthusiast." And thus it is with me to-night; I carry no shamed face to this auditory to speak to you concerning the American Negro, because I glory in the name of a race whose cause in past years was championed by the Honorable Frederick Douglass, and still is championed to-day by that peerless educator and leader, Booker T. Washington.

However, I am not so rashly bold as to believe that the Negro is the chosen race of God; but I do believe that the guiding hand of the All-wise Being has been and is leading us as a race from darkness into light.

Let us, if you will, visit the native African abode of the Black Man. We find it a lap of luxury, a home of ease. The native African need but sit in the shade of the palm, and peacefully sleep until Dame Nature puts it into the head of some kind and benevolent monkey to awake this gaping prodigy with a shower of cocoanuts from above. Now who will doubt that a land of sunshine like Africa was wholly unfit for the development of a race which was one day to stand in close touch with the onward progress of the world.

In the year 1619 God found a way to solve the problem. It was during this year that a Dutch trading vessel, being in need of supplies, dropped anchor at Jamestown and exchanged fourteen Negroes for food and supplies. This act sounded the key-note of that woeful

melody which will continually ring in the ears of both white and black in all ages to come, The Slave Traffic.

When we look back to those dark days and see the auction block surrounded by dealers in human souls, and see the little babes torn from the arms of mothers frantic with grief, when we see the old slave woman fall helpless and bleeding under the lash of her slave-master, and hear her still raise her voice to Heaven in her song, "Nobody knows de trouble I see, nobody but de Lord," does it not seem cruel that God, all powerful as He is, should have resorted to this curse of slavery as a means to prepare a race of people? But let it be remembered that "God in cursing gives us better gifts than men in blessing." First, it brought the savage Negro in close touch with civilization. The proper environments were provided for him. Secondly, it taught him how to work. Almost every large plantation in the South during that time was in a measure, as Booker T. Washington says, "an industrial school." It had its farming department, its blacksmith, wheelwright, brick-making, carpentry, and sewing departments. Thus at the close of the war our people were in possession of all the common and skilled labor in the South. Lastly, it brought them in contact with a people that knew, and who made them acquainted with that "Saviour of Mankind" who, in His mysterious way, was doing so much for them.

When at last slavery had completed its work in the education of the Negro, did God destroy it? No! Slavery destroyed itself, and He permitted it. True it is that God has his agents, and it is needless for me to enter into a detailed ac-

count of the well known workings of such men as Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, John Brown and Charles Sumner, whose words went forth like flames of fire to help consume the massive structure of infamy and shame. The Civil War was not a cause, but the result of a cause, and that cause was slavery. It was during this terrible war that President Lincoln, that grand old man, who I truly believe was specially prepared for the place he occupied, issued his conditional proclamation. It was presented to those states that had seceded from the Union, on September 22, 1862, and in substance contained the following: "If, within one hundred days you return to the Union, your slaves will not be set at liberty." But "life was not so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery." God hardened the heart of Jefferson Davis, the president of the Confederacy, and the war raged on.

On New Year's day, 1863, President Lincoln issued his final proclamation, which broke the shackles from more than three millions of Negro slaves. Abraham Lincoln,

"One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die."
"In such Mankind doth live;
They are such souls as these,
That move the world."

When at last the Civil War was ended, the eleven states that had seceded were helplessly awaiting the action of Congress to be readmitted.

Then it was, I believe, that the hand of Providence took advantage of the anti-slavery majority in Congress to endow the Negro with all the rights and privileges of an American citizen.

But to snatch the Negro from slavery and to give him the privilege of voting and attending the free schools, awakened in his mind ambitions which he could

not control. He became dazzled at the splendor and magnificence of his white brother. He no longer saw any virtue in the soil. He despised manual labor, and although in some respects wholly unfit, he struggled for the highest place in government which his ballot would help him to attain. Hence another very grave problem confronted the All-seeing Divinity. A race of people trying to build without a foundation. A race of people which was content to let the substance go and grasp only after the shadows. But God always finds a way.

In the year 1858, in a little log hut, in a place called Hale's Ford in Franklin County, Virginia, a little black boy was born. The name of that little boy I am going to present to you to-night. He is a man now, and in my mind, a living example of the providence of God among the American Negroes. And that man is no other than our own acknowledged leader, Booker T. Washington. To him was given the honor of solving this great race problem, because by his unceasing and untiring efforts he has at last convinced his people that there is dignity, beauty, and civilizing power in intelligent labor. Now the Black Race has a firm foundation, and is at liberty to build as high as it will.

But allow me to swerve somewhat from the original trend of my argument to relate to you what I think will be the natural outcome of some of the seeming ills that now exist.

Disfranchisement, for instance, will, I believe, prove itself providential to the Negroes in those states where it now exists. Because the Negroes deprived of their vote on an educational basis, will struggle for an education in order that they may again enjoy the privilege that they love so well. Thus, in acquiring knowledge, they not only win back their ballot, but they gain another round on the ladder of civilization.

The Jim Crow car in the Southland will

eventually prove itself providential to the Negro. Because the whites and blacks are becoming accustomed to riding in separate coaches, so that when Negro capital begins to control Negro railways in the South, for Negroes only, these Negro magnates will naturally receive all of the Negro patronage.

Social inequality is not an ill. It is a fact, yet it is a providential fact. The much argued project of intermarriage as a way to solve the race problem should no longer be given any consideration. The race as a whole should cling together, so that all the grand and noble deeds which any Negro is able to accomplish may be attributed to the black blood that runs in his veins.

Now I have tried to show you how the hand of Providence has led the Negro Race from its native home in Africa, across the sea to America, and up through slavery and reconstruction to the present time. The question arises, what is the Negro in America doing to continue his race development? He is simply completing the circle. Back to the old starting point Negro missionaries are sent each year to carry the light into darkest Africa and furthermore, the

rapid progress which the American Negro has made since gaining his freedom, has convinced the Christian nations of the world that something more than mere spearmen can be made out of the natives of the Dark Continent, and thus it is that big-hearted men and women of Saxon blood are making every known sacrifice to lead us as a race from darkness into light.

Many years ago Henry Clay was with a party in the Adirondack Mountains. Mr. Clay stood with folded arms on the edge of a precipice, and surveyed the majestic scenery which stretched in panoramic grandeur as far as eye could reach, and when asked by one of his companions about what he was thinking, Mr. Clay said, "I am listening to the tramp of the oncoming generations of America."

Thus to-night, when I gaze into the future, I can hear the tramp of generations yet to come, and shoulder to shoulder with their Saxon brothers I can see them marching to the same strains of martial music, "The Children of Africa," a race Christianized, civilized and powerful.

WHAT HAPPENED TO SCOTT.

AN EPISODE OF ELECTION DAY.

AUGUSTUS M. HODGES.

Mr. George Washington Scott did not vote the Democratic ticket on election day. The reader must not thereby conclude that he voted the Republican ticket, as Mr. Scott did not vote at all. It was not our hero's fault that he did not "put one in" for the Democratic ticket. Circumstances he could not timely curb prevented him from exercising that great constitutional right of every citizen of New York State. Circumstances were greatly aided in the plot to deprive

Mr. Scott from voting by Mrs. Scott, or, in other words, "there was a woman in it," and she stayed deeply in it until the end of the chapter. When Mrs. Scott learned that her husband was going to vote the Democratic ticket she "reasoned" with him until he saw, or more properly speaking, felt the political error he was about to make, and repented just before it was too late.

Mr. George Washington Scott, known to his friends as "Scottie," was an Afro-

American, a past officer of "Never Sweat Lodge, No. 41144" of The Ancient Order of Parasites, and like all members of the order, he worked by proxy; his wife Hannah and his sixteen-year-old daughter Sadie, took his place in the battle for bread, mixed ale, whiskey, tobacco, and now and then an odd dollar for the back rent. Still "Scottie" was as happy as a clam at high tide, or a dog with two tails, or a small boy after he has broken a window, or a five-year old girl with a new doll, or a twenty-five year-old girl with a new Easter bonnet, or—a New York State Republican on the morning of November 9th.

It is a great wear and tear upon the minds of pater familias to be obliged, day in and day out, to hustle out in the cold or rain to work for the bread, mixed ale, whiskey, tobacco, etc. The graveyards are full of overworked fathers, sent to untimely graves by cruel, lazy mothers who openly refused to go out and work for the bread, mixed ale, etc. Statistics show that the number of these worthless females is growing to such an alarming degree that young men of the day stop and think one hundred times before entering the bonds of wedlock. There appears to be something wrong of late, either in our young women or their education, as you will often hear them say that they would not marry a man who would not work and let them sit in the house and do nothing.

Mrs. Hannah Scott, however, belonged to the good old school of females and had been working hard for seven years, while our hero was waiting either in the house or the barber shop for some one to come along and offer him a job with good pay and little work.

It was on the morning of November 8th that Mr. George Washington Scott awoke from his peaceful slumber at half-past seven. He sniffed the air several times, before he opened his eyes "to see" if he could detect the smell of pork chops

cooking in the next room (Mr. G. Washington Scott, like many of his race, was very fond of pork chops). He was greatly surprised by not being able to detect the fragrance of his favorite repast, as he had "ordered" some pork chops the night before. When he opened his eyes, he was treated to a greater surprise, for there lay his wife, on the front of the bed, sleeping as quietly as if it were midnight. It was a bright morning, the sun was shining and all nature feeling gay. In fact, it was a regular Republican victory day. As soon as Mr. Scott recovered from his surprise—which was several minutes, as he could hardly believe his eyes, and concluded he was dreaming—he gave his better half a kick and yelled out.

"Hannah! You Hannah! Why, what in the duce's the matter with you? Are you crazy? Why here it is almost eight o'clock and you ain't gone to work yet. Git up! Git up, I say! Do you hear me? Git up! Well, as I live! Sleeping till this hour! What's the matter with you? Do you want to lose all your good places?"

Why, to-day's 'lection day. I'se not goin' ter work, Scott. Leastmore, I needs a little rest, I thinks," replied his wife.

"Well, if you are not going to work, get up and make the fire and git my breakfast. Did you get them pork chops?"

"No, I forgot them, but I'se——"

"Well, what in the world is getting in you of late, anyway? Hannah, some of these days you'll forget your head. Git up, make the fire and send Sadie after them pork chops."

Poor Mrs. Scott got up, made the fire, sent for the chops, cooked them, and informed her dusky lord and master that breakfast was ready. Mr. G. W. Scott arose at once, and commenced to fix his toilet, and was soon ready for breakfast. He took his proper place at the head of the table and said "grace."

Mrs. Scott sat opposite, his daughter Sadie, was seated on his right and his little five-year-old son, Geo. W. Scott, Jr., on his left. There were five pork chops in the dish, and Mr. Scott helped himself to three. As he did so, his little son, in childish surprise remarked: "Why, Pop's goin' ter eat all ther meat up." Mr. Scott gave the boy a slap that almost knocked the child from the chair. "Well, as I live, if that boy ain't gitting too sassy to live. Now Hannah, you want to learn that boy some manners."

Mrs. Scott made no reply, but snatched the other two chops from the dish and placed one upon Sadie's plate, and commenced to cut the other one up for little George who was crying bitterly. After she had finished, she pulled the dish over to herself and soaked a piece of bread in the gravy and commenced to eat it with a relish. When Mr. Scott looked up after he had devoured one chop, he remarked with some surprise, "Why, Hannah, you haven't given me anything to drink. How the duce do you expect me to eat my breakfast without something to drink?"

"Will you have a cup of tea, Scott?" she asked.

"Tea be —. Give Sadie ten cents right way, and let her go out and git er pint of beer. Don't get mixed ale, Sadie, 'cause it's too warm for ale, and hurry up. Give her the money! What-in the 'll's the matter with you, Hannah? You set there looking like er fool! Give her the money." As Mr. Scott yelled out this injunction, poor Mrs. S., who had been dreaming—dreaming of the better days before she met her "better half"—was recalled to life. With her usual fear, she jumped up from the table, and rushed in the bedroom and brought out "the price of a pint," and gave it to her daughter, who hurried out to fill the can for her beloved father. She returned in a few minutes, and placed the can and the only glass in the house before our

hero, who at once got on the outside of half the beer. The breakfast was finished without any other noteworthy incident, and Mrs. Scott went out, leaving Sadie to wash up the dishes. Mr. Scott felt in his coat pocket and found his half-stem old clay pipe and walked over to the mantelpiece, and looked into an old collar box in which he kept his tobacco. He was surprised to find the box empty. It was a day of unpleasant surprises for Mr. Scott, as the reader will learn if he continues to the end of the chapter.

"Well, I sware! Well, if your mother hasn't forgot my tobacco. Where is she? Call her here!"

"She's gone out," replied Sadie.

"Gone out! Did she leave any money for beer or tobacco?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I swear, if your mother ain't going crazy. I don't know what's gitting in her of late," Mr. Scott remarked as he felt in his coat pocket and found a few crumbs of tobacco, which he put in his pipe, and taking a seat by the window, commenced smoking and wondering what strange thing his wife would do next.

In a few minutes Mrs. Scott rushed in, puffing and blowing, with a paper of Honest Short Sliced tobacco, and remarked: "Oh, Scott, I forgot your tobacco, so I run'd back ter—"

"Well say, Hannah! Well say, what's gitting in you of late? I say woman, you are going crazy; bring that tobacco here!"

"Scottie," to give him his due, had never beaten his wife, although the other members of Never Sweat Lodge had often been forced to correct their wives with fist or club. Our hero was something of a moral suasionist, and up to the time our story begins, he had little or no trouble in making Mrs. Scott obey him or go out to work. He used hard words instead of hard blows.

As near as he ever got to the common mode of punishment inflicted upon lazy and unruly wives by members of Never Sweat Lodge, was to throw a shoe at Mrs. S.'s head, one night about a year before the historic morning of November 8th, 1898. At that time his better half got a little bit too "sassy" and he felt inclined to punish her a la Never Sweat Lodge.

Mr. Scott was a "yaller" man just a very little below the average, and would have weighed upon the historic morning about one hundred and thirty-five pounds before breakfast and about one hundred and forty-two after breakfast. He was born at Oyster Bay, L. I. (local pride should have made him vote the Republican ticket). He had never been further South than South Beach, Staten Island. Mrs. Scott was born "'way down Souf in Norf Caroliny" in the historic town of Wilmington, some forty-odd years before our opening. She left Wilmington, N. C., and came North to find a fortune and Mr. George Washington Scott was a part of "the find." In complexion Mrs. Scott was a running mate to starless midnight; in weight, she would have tipped the scales in her night robe (if she had owned one) at one hundred and eighty-seven pounds of solid flesh in good fighting condition. Her friends had often said that she married our hero because he was a "yaller" man, and worked for him for the same illogical reason. We do not know why she married him, but the reason why she worked indirectly for him was because she did not want to see her family starve or go to the county poorhouse at Flatbush. She had the meekness of a lamb and the strength of a lion, together with an iron constitution. The Scotts lived upon the top floor of a little "ram-shackled" old two-story frame house, which was located sixty-odd feet from the street in a tenth-class section of the Borough of Brooklyn. This fact gave

Mr. Scott an opportunity to see all comers and to be "not at home" to those he did not want to see.

He was sitting at the window about ten o'clock smoking, when he saw three brother members of the Never Sweat Lodge coming up the alley from the street. They were Mr. Geo. Washington, better known as "Big Wash," Mr. Sam Sykes, better known as "Crap Sam," and "Capt." Joe Jones.

"Hurry up and kinder fix things up, Hannah! Hurry up, here comes some friends. Sadie, you run downstairs quick to Mrs. Johnson's and try to borrow two chairs. Git er move on you, hurry up!" yelled out Mr. Scott. His wife and daughter obeyed in time. The three friends entered in a few minutes, and received a friendly greeting from the head of the house, or at least, the head of the two little, cheerless rooms. Mr. Scott then asked his friends what they would "have." Upon learning that their pleasure was mixed ale, he told his daughter, Sadie, to get a pint of that soul-stirring nectar. When she returned, her father winked at her and remarked: "Sadie, run downstairs and tell Mrs. Johnson to give you them three glasses she borrowed the other day; that's the worse of lending these common niggers anything, for they never return nothing."

Sadie took the hint, and went downstairs and borrowed three glasses, and our hero dished out four glasses of mixed ale. The contents of the can were soon a thing of the past. "I don't like O'Brien's ale, boys; what do you say if we have some whiskey?" The suggestion was carried by a large majority.

"Hannah, give Sadie that bottle and a quarter, and let her git some good whiskey."

"Can I speak to you a minute, Scott?" asked his wife, as she led the way into the bedroom. "What's the matter now,

no money?" asked Mr. Scott, as he poked his head in the bedroom.

"I've only one dollar left an' I must give that to Mr. Wheeden, the landlord, on last month's rent. You know he'll be here to-night."

"Wheeden be d——; he's got to wait. I'll see him myself and give him a stand off—tell him I expect a job next week sure. Why, say, Hannah, do you suppose we must give that old duffer our last dollar? Well, I guess nit. Give me that dollar! Hurry up, give me the dollar!"

"But Scott, you know——"

"No buts, give me the dollar!"

Poor Mrs. Scott gave up the dollar with a sad heart, then threw herself across the bed and cried. The whiskey was sent for, and soon followed the downward course of the mixed ale, when "Big Wash." remarked, "Scottie, you have given us such a good time that we almost forgot our business. You see to-day is 'lection, and Mike Clancy the Democratic leader of the ward, is givin' all the boys two dollars to vote the straight Democratic ticket, and he says if this 'lection dictict goes Democratic (you know all the colored folks is in this district) he'll give all we boys what voted the Democratic ticket, five dollars extra. You can't bet on the five, but you've got the two dead. 'Most all of the boys is voted and got the dust. We are going now, and thought we'd run in and give you the tip, so you could make a couple of bones. You know 'lection day comes but once a year, and you are foolish, Scottie, if you miss this graft, 'cause 'lection days is not like they used to be before this here new 'lection ballot came in."

"Now boys, I'm much obliged to you for telling me. I'll slip on my coat right er way, and go out and vote and get the money," said Mr. Scott.

"What! You-ain't-goin-ter-wote-ther Dimmcrat-ticket-is-you-Scott?" asked our hero's wife in a surprised tone.

"Mind your own business, Hannah, and git me my coat and hat!"

"Well, as I live! Well, well, but this is too much, George Scott. It's more dan I kin stan' or will stan'. I have worked like er slave for years, while you sot in ther house and done nothin'; I didn't say nothin' 'bout you taken' every extra cent I has made for beer an' policy numbers; I've never sed nothin' when you slept all day in bed, while I went out in the snow an' rain ter work; I has never sed nothin' when you sold or pawned everything in the house that you could git any money on. I've borne all these things like er fool, but when you tell me to my face that you is goin' to wote ther Demmecrat ticket after all the Demmocrats is done to low rate our people, and is still goin' ter do (for yis-tiddy I got a letter from Cousin Jane down in my old home in Wilmington, Norf Carliny, an' she say the white folks—the Demmocrats, is goin' to kill all the black folks up this day, yes this day. An' then when you think what Abe Lincoln an' the 'Publican party done for us, freed us an' give us all we have, an' how they all is our friends, an' how them black solgers fit an'——"

"Oh, shut up! You make me tired; the Republican party never freed me; I was born free, and some of you ignorant fools of contrabands was only fit to be slaves, and should be slaves now. (I mean the women, the men is O. K.)" remarked Mr. Scott. The left-hand apology was tacked on in honor of "Big Wash" and the "Capt."

Mr. George Washington Scott reached for his hat and coat, intent upon making a couple of Democratic dollars. Mrs. George Washington Scott reached for the rolling pin, and got to the door first, intent upon cheating the ballot box out of one Democratic vote.

"George Scott, you'll not wote ther Demmecrat ticket till you walk over my dead body," said Mrs. Scott, as she stood, arms akimbo, in the doorway.

"Are you going to let your wife rule you, and queer your game, Scottie?" asked "Big Wash."

"I thought you was ther man, Scottie, and wore the pants?" added the "Capt."

"Well, I guess I run this house, boys. Git out of the way, Hannah, or I'll knock you down!" remarked the hero of this story.

"No, I will not!" was the reply.

"Then take that!" and Mr. Scott dealt his wife a slap on the face.

It was like sticking a three-inch hat pin into the flank of a sleeping lioness. Mrs. Scott grabbed her politically erring husband by the neck with an iron-like grasp, holding shirt collar and coat; her hard knuckles stuck in his neck as she gave him a combination jerk and pull, then a cross between a push and shove, during which she struck Mr. Scott's right eye against the door, causing it to turn black. She then held him out at arm's length, then whirled him around the room several times at the rate of 603 revolutions per half-minute, remarking: "You nasty, good-fer-nothin', lazy nigger! So you can't be talked to or reasoned to, hey? You's goin' ter vote there Dimmycrat ticket, hey? Well, I don't think you will."

As round and round he went, our hero thought he was the roughest kind of a rough rider, seated upon a "merry-go-round," the motive power of which had run riot. A drowning man, it is said, will catch at a straw, and a man in Mr. Scott's position would catch at almost anything he concluded would stop his circular ride around the room, against table and borrowed chairs. The only thing catchable was the misfit antediluvian stove pipe. The joints of the pipe had, for a long time, been waiting for some excuse to break the unhappy union between themselves, so when their owner grabbed hold of them, they separated sine die. One of them fell on Mr. Scott's face, cutting his felt eye to the bone and

covering him—not with glory—but with soot, until he was a dark black instead of a light yellow. By a superhuman pull he broke away from his mooring, and made for the bedroom on a dead run, with Mrs. Scott a close second in the race. His foot got caught in a hole in the old carpet, and he fell on his face, but turned over on his back just in time to receive Mrs. Scott's full weight, as she also fell. Her anger had not fallen, however, for she grabbed her better half by the ears and knocked his head against the floor, while she "reasoned" with him and tried to convince him it was wrong, Oh, very, very wrong for a colored man to vote the Democratic ticket that election morning—or any other election morning, noon or night. "So you's (bang) goin' ter (bang) wote ther (bang) Demmer (bang, bang, bang) cratic ticket (bang) is you, Scott?" (bang, bang, bang.)

"Oh, Hannah; Don't kill me! No, I'll never, if I live, vote the Democratic ticket again; and if you don't kill me, I'll promise to look for work, get a good job and move in a nice house. Oh, don't kill me! I'll do what's right! Oh, murder! Don't kill me! Don't kill me, Hannah dear."

Mrs. Scott was only a woman, so she let up on Mr. Scott, bathed his wounds, put him to bed, made him some hot whiskey to drink and then went out in the living room and cried.

What became of the three friends? Why, they rushed out pell mell, when the debate got hot and rushed around the corner to the barber shop and told the boys that "Scottie's" wife was killing him. The doctor said that, with care, Mr. Scott will be as good as new by the following Christmas. His wife convinced him that it was wrong for a sane Negro to vote the Democratic ticket.

This, kind reader, is What Happened to Scott!

OF ONE BLOOD.*

OR, THE HIDDEN SELF.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. TO XVII.

Reuel Briggs, a young medical student, interested in mysticism, sees a face that haunts him. He attends a concert with his friend Aubrey Livingston, and there discovers in a negro concert-singer the owner of the mysterious face. He sees this woman again on Hallow Eve while playing at charms with a party of young people at Vance Hall, the home of Livingston's betrothed. Early the next morning he is called to attend the victims of a railroad disaster at the hospital. He finds among them the girl whose face haunts him, in a cataleptic sleep which the doctors call death. He succeeds in restoring her to consciousness, but with a complete loss of memory. She loses her identity as a negress. Reuel falls deeply in love with her. He finally restores her to health and determines to marry her, but finds his circumstances too straitened. Aubrey Livingston helps him out by offering to obtain for him a place in an expedition about to explore the ancient city of Meroe in Africa. Reuel accepts, but marries Dianthe before going on a two years' venture. After his departure Dianthe finds that Livingston is in love with her, and he acquires a power over her that she cannot resist. She agrees to fly with him against her will; but before the time set, they, with Molly Vance, go out canoeing and are overturned in the river, and all three are supposed to have been drowned.

The expedition reaches Africa. In crossing the Great Desert Reuel Briggs visits old ruins and is rescued from a leopard's claws by Vance. They are suspicious of Jim Titus, who pretended not to hear Briggs' calls for help. They receive no letters from home after leaving England, and one night, by clairvoyant aid, Reuel reads a letter that Titus has received. That same night, by mediumistic power, Briggs describes the overturning of the boat containing Molly, Dianthe and Aubrey, on the Charles River months before. The caravan reaches Meroe, and letters reveal the death of Dianthe and Molly. Reuel is sick for some weeks, and when he returns to health finds the expedition about to give up its search for treasure and return home. Wanders out one night while the camp is asleep and goes to the last pyramid. While exploring it he becomes unconscious. When consciousness returns he finds himself in a hidden city among the descendants of the ancient Ethiopians who await the return of their king. They claim Reuel as the expected monarch because of the royal birthmark on his breast,—a lotus lily. After this under the name of Ergamenes, Reuel is betrothed to Queen Candace. He converses with Dianthe spiritually and learns of Livingston's treachery. While trying to plan to escape from the hidden city, he hears a cry of distress.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Concluded.)

Instantly, after the seizure, the eyes of the prisoners were blindfolded; then they were half led, half dragged along by their captors. As he felt the grip of steel which impelled a forward movement, Charlie bitterly cursed his own folly in undertaking so mad a venture. "Poor Reuel," he lamented, "was this the explanation of his disappearance?" Reuel had been the life of the party; next to Professor Stone, he was looked up to as leader and guide, and with his loss,

all interest seemed to have dropped from the members of the expedition.

For half an hour they were hurried along what must have been deep underground passages. Charlie could feel the path drop beneath his feet on solid rock which seemed to curve over like the edges of a waterfall. He stumbled, and would have fallen if strong arms had not upheld him. He could feel the rock worn into deep gutters smoother than ice. For the first time he heard the sound of his captors' voices. One in command gave an order in an unknown tongue. Charlie wished then that he had spent more time in study and less in sport.

"Oh," he groaned in spirit, "what a predicament for a free-born American citizen, and one who has had on the gloves with many a famous ring champion!" He wondered how Jim was faring, for since the first frightened yell from his lips, all had been silence.

There came another brief command in the unknown tongue, and the party halted. Then Charlie felt himself lifted into what he finally determined was a litter. He settled himself comfortably, and the bearers started. Charlie was of a philosophical nature; if he had been born poor and forced to work for a living, he might have become a learned philosopher. So he lay and reflected, and wondered where this experience would end, until, lulled by the yielding motion and the gentle swaying, he fell asleep.

He must have slept many hours, for when he awoke he felt a strong sensation of hunger. They were still journeying at a leisurely pace. Charlie could feel the sweet, fresh air in his face, could hear the song of birds, and smell the

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scented air, heavy with the fragrance of flowers and fruits. Mentally thanking God that he still lived, he anxiously awaited the end of this strange journey. Presently he felt that they entered a building, for the current of air ceased, and the soft footsteps of the bearers gave forth a metallic sound. There came another command in the unknown tongue, and the bearers stopped; he was told to descend, in unmistakable English, by a familiar voice. He obeyed the voice, and instantly he was relieved of his bandage; before his sight became accustomed to the semi-darkness of the room, he heard the retreating steps of a number of men. As his sight returned in full, he saw before him Ai and Abdallah and Jim.

Abdallah regarded him with a gaze that was stolid and unrecognizing. The room in which he stood was large and circular. Floors and walls were of the whitest marble, and from the roof light and air were supplied. There were two couches in the room, and a divan ran about one of its sides. There was no door or entrance visible—nothing but the unvarying white walls and flooring.

"Stranger," said Ai, in his mellow voice, speaking English in fluent tones, "Why hast thou dared to uncover the mysteries of centuries? Art thou weary of life that thou hast dared to trifle with Nature's secrets? Scarce an alien foot has traversed this land since six thousand years have passed. Art weary of living?" As he asked the last question, Charlie felt a chill of apprehension. This man, with his strange garb, his dark complexion, his deep eyes and mystic smile, was to be feared and revered. Summoning up all his sang froid and determination not to give in to his fears, he replied,—

"We came to find old things, that we may impart our knowledge to the people of our land, who are eager to know the

beginning of all things. I come of a race bold and venturesome, who know not fear if we can get a few more dollars and fresh information."

"I have heard of your people," replied Ai, with a mysterious sparkle in his eyes. "They are the people who count it a disgrace to bear my color; is it not so?"

"Great Scott!" thought Charlie, turning mental somersaults to find an answer that would placate the dignitary before him. "Is it possible that the ubiquitous race question has got ahead of the expedition! By mighty, it's time something was done to stop this business. Talk of Banquo's ghost! Banquo ain't in it if this is the race question I'm up against." Aloud he said, "My venerable and esteemed friend, you could get there all right with your complexion in my country. We would simply label you 'Arab, Turk, Malay or Filipino,' and in that costume you'd slide along all right; not the slightest trouble when you showed your ticket at the door. Savee?" He finished with a profound bow.

Ai eyed him sadly for a moment, and then said,—

"O, flippant-tongued offspring of an ungenerous people, how is it with my brother?" and he took Jim's unresisting hand and led him up to Charlie. "Crisp of hair," and he passed his hand softly over Jim's curly pate. "Black of skin! How do you treat such as this one in your country?"

Charlie felt embarrassed in spite of his assurance. "Well, of course, it has been the custom to count Africans as our servants, and they have fared as servants."

"And yet, ye are all of one blood; descended from one common father. Is there ever a flock or herd without its black member? What more beautiful than the satin gloss of the raven's wing, the soft glitter of eyes of blackest tint or the rich black fur of your own native ani-

mals? Fair-haired worshippers of Mammon, do you not know that you have been weighed in the balance and found wanting? that your course is done? that Ethoapia's bondage is about over, her travail passed?"

Charlie smiled in inward mirth at what he called the "fossilized piece of antiquity." "Touched in the forehead; crank," was his mental comment. "I'd better put on the brakes, and not aggravate this lunatic. He's probably some kind of a king, and might make it hot for me." Aloud he said, "Pardon, Mr. King, but what has this to do with making me a prisoner? Why have I been brought here?"

"You will know soon enough," replied Ai, as he clapped his hands. Abdallah moved to the side of the room, and instantly a marble block slid from its position, through which Ai and he departed, leaving the prisoners alone.

For a while the two men sat and looked at each other in helpless silence. Then Jim broke the silence with lamentations.

"Oh, Lord! Mr. Vance, there's a hoo-doo on this business, and I'm the hoo-doo!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Vance. "Be a man, Jim, and help me find a way out of this infernal business."

But Jim sat on the divan, lamenting and refusing to be comforted. Presently food was brought to them, and then after many and useless conjectures, they lay down and tried to sleep.

The night passed very comfortably on the whole, although the profound silence was suggestive of being buried alive. Another day and night passed without incident. Food was supplied them at regular intervals. Charlie's thoughts were varied. He—fastidious and refined—who had known no hardship and no sorrow,—why had he left his country to wander among untutored savages?

None were there to comfort him of all his friends. These walls would open but to admit the savage executioner. He ground his teeth. He thought of Cora Scott; doubtless she thought him dead. Dead! No; nor would he die. He'd find a way out of this or perish; he'd go home and marry Cora. Now this was a most surprising conclusion, for Charlie had been heard to say many times that "he'd be drawn and quartered before he'd tie up to a girl of the period," which Cora undoubtedly was. As if aroused from a dream, he jumped up and going over to Jim, shook him. The Negro turned uneasily in his sleep and groaned. Again he shook him.

"Get up, Jim. Come, I'm going to try to get out of this."

"I'm afraid, Mr. Vance; it's no use."

"Come on, Jim; be a man."

"I'm ready for anything, only show me the way," replied Jim in desperation. Their pistols had been taken from them, but their knives remained. They stored what food remained about their persons and began a thorough examination of the room.

"They certainly find an exit here somewhere, Jim, and we must find it too."

"Easier said than done, I fear, sir."

An hour—two hours, passed in fruitless search; the marble walls showed not a sign of exit or entrance. They rested then, sitting on the sides of the divans and gazing at each other in utter helplessness. The full moonlight showered the apartment with a soft radiance from the domed roof. Suddenly, Jim sprang forward and inserted his knife in a crevice in the floor. Instantly Charlie was beside him, working like mad on the other side. The slab began to waver to and fro, as though shaken by a strong force—the crack widened—they saw a round, flat metal button—Jim seized it with one hand and pried with the knife

in the other—a strong breeze of subterranean air struck through the narrow opening—and with a dull reverberation half the flooring slid back, revealing what seemed to be a vast hole.

The men recoiled, and lay panting from their labors on the edges of the subway. Charlie blessed his lucky stars that hidden in his clothes was a bundle of tapers used by the explorers for just such emergencies. By great good fortune, his captors had not discovered them.

"What's to be done now, Jim?"

"Git down there and explore, but hanged if I want the job, Mr. Vance."

"We'll go together, Jim. Let's see," he mused, "What did Prof. Stone's parchment say? 'Beware the tank to the right where dwells the sacred crocodile, still living, although centuries have rolled by, and men have been gathered to the shades who once tended on his wants. And beware the fifth gallery to the right where abide the sacred serpents with jewelled crowns, for of a truth are they terrible,'" quoted Charlie, dreamily.

"You don't suppose this is the place you were hunting for, do you?" queried Jim, with eyes big with excitement.

"Jim, my boy, that's a question no man can answer at this distance from the object of our search. But if it is, as I suspect, the way to the treasure will lead us to liberty, for the other end must be within the pyramid. I'm for searching this passage. Come on if you are with me."

He lighted his taper and swung it into the abyss, disclosing steps of granite leading off in the darkness. As his head disappeared from view, Jim, with a shudder, followed. The steps led to a passage or passages, for the whole of the underground room was formed of vaulted passages, sliding off in every direction. The stairs ended in another

passage; the men went down it; it was situated, as nearly as they could judge, directly beneath the room where they had been confined. Silently the two figures crept on, literally feeling their way. Shortly they came to another passage running at right angles; slowly they crept along the tunnel, for it was nothing more, narrowing until it suddenly ended in a sort of cave, running at right angles; they crossed this, halting at the further side to rest and think. Charlie looked anxiously about him for signs, but saw nothing alarming in the smooth sandy floor, and irregular contorted sides. The floor was strewn with boulders like the bed of a torrent. As they went on, the cavern widened into an amphitheatre with huge supporting columns. To the right and left of the cave there were immense bare spaces stretching away into immense galleries. Here they paused to rest, eating sparingly of the food they had brought. "Let us rest here," said Charlie, "I am dead beat."

"Is it not safer to go on? We cannot be very far from the room where we were confined."

"I'll sit here a few moments, anyhow," replied Charlie. Jim wandered aimlessly about the great vault, turning over stones and peering into crevices.

"What do you expect to find, Jim, the buried treasure?" laughed Charlie, as he noted the earnestness of the other's search.

Jim was bending over something—wrenching off a great iron cover. Suddenly he cried out, "Mr. Vance, here it is!"

Charlie reached his side with a bound. There sat Jim, and in front of him lay, imbedded in the sand of the cavern's floor, a huge box, long and wide and deep, whose rusted hinges could not withstand the stalwart Negro's frantic efforts.

With a shuddering sigh the lid was thrust back, falling to one side with a great groan of almost mortal anguish as it gave up the trust committed to its care ages before. They both gazed, and as they gazed were well-nigh blinded. For this is what they saw: —

At first, a blaze of darting rays that sparkled and shot out myriad scintillations of color—red, violet, orange, green, and deepest crimson. Then by degrees, they saw that these hues came from a jumbled heap of gems—some large, some small, but together in value beyond all dreams of wealth.

Diamonds, rubies, sapphires, amethysts, opals, emeralds, turquoises—lay roughly heaped together, some polished, some uncut, some as necklaces and chains, others gleaming in rings and bracelets—wealth beyond the dreams of princes.

Near to the first box lay another, and in it lay gold in bars and gold in flakes, hidden by the priests of Osiris, that had adorned the crowns of queens Candace and Semiramis—a spectacle glorious beyond compare.

"The Professor's parchment told the truth," cried Charlie, after a few moments, when he had regained his breath. "But what shall we do with it, now we have it?" asked Jim in disconsolate tones. "We can't carry it with us."

"True for you, Jim," replied Vance, sadly. "This wealth is a mockery now we have it. Jim, we're left, badly left. Here we've been romping around for almost six months after this very treasure, and now we've got it we can't hold it. This whole expedition has been like monkeying with a saw mill, Jim, my boy, and I for one, give in beaten. Left, I should say so; badly left, when I counted Africa a played-out hole in the ground. And, Jim, when we get home, if ever we do, the drinks are on me. Now, old man, stow some of these glittering baubles in your clothing, as I

am going to do, and then we'll renew our travels." He spoke in jest, but the tears were in his eyes, and as he clasped Jim's toil-hardened black hand, he told himself that Ai's words were true. Where was the color line now? Jim was a brother; the nearness of their desolation in this uncanny land, left nothing but a feeling of brotherhood. He felt then the truth of the words, "Of one blood have I made all races of men."

As they stooped to replace the cover, Jim's foot knocked against an iron ring set in the sandy flooring. "I believe it's another box, Mr. Vance," he called out, and dropping his work, he pulled with all his might.

"Careful, Jim," called Charlie's warning voice. Too late! The ring disappeared at the second tug, revealing a black pit from which came the odor of musk. From out the darkness came the sweeping sound of a great body moving in wavelets over a vast space. Fascinated into perfect stillness, Vance became aware of pale emerald eyes watching him, and the sound of deep breathing other than their own. There was a wild rattle and rush in the darkness, as Jim, moving forward, flung down his taper and turned to flee.

"The serpents! The serpents! Fly for your life, Jim!" shouted Charlie, as he dashed away from the opening. Too late! There came a terrible cry, repeated again and again. Charlie Vance sunk upon the ground, overcome with horror.

CHAPTER XIX.

It must have been about one o'clock in the morning when Reuel started out of a fitful slumber by the sound of that terrible scream. He sprang to his feet and listened. He heard not a sound; all was silence within the palace. But his experience was so vivid that reason could not control his feelings; he threw wide the dividing curtains, and fled out upon the balcony. All was silence. The

moonlight flooded the landscape with the strength of daylight. As he stood trying to calm himself, a shadow fell across his path, and raising his eyes, he beheld the form of Mira; she beckoned him on, and he, turning, followed the shadowy figure, full of confidence that she would show him the way to that fearful scream.

On they glided like two shadows, until the phantom paused before what seemed a solid wall, and with warning gaze and uplifted finger, bade him enter. It was a portion of the palace unfamiliar to him; the walls presented no hope of entrance. What could it mean? Mira faded from his gaze, and as he stood there puzzling over this happening, suddenly the solid wall began to glide away, leaving a yawning space, in which appeared Ai's startled and disturbed face.

"Back!" he cried, as he beheld his King. "Back, Ergamenes! how come you here?"

"What was the cry I heard, Ai? I cannot rest. I have been led hither," he continued, significantly. Then, noticing the other's disturbed vision, he continued, "Tell me. I command you."

With a murmured protest, Ai stepped aside, saying, "Perhaps it is best."

Reuel advanced into the room. The hole in the floor was securely closed, and on the divans lay Charlie Vance, white and unconscious, and Jim Titus, crushed almost to a jelly but still alive. Abdallah and a group of natives were working over Vance, trying to restore consciousness. Reuel gave one startled, terrified glance at the two figures, and staggered backward to the wall.

Upon hearing that cry, Jim Titus stirred uneasily, and muttered, "It's him!"

"He wishes to speak with you," said Ai, gravely.

"How came they here, and thus?" demanded Reuel in threatening anger.

"They were searching for you, and

we found them, too, in the pyramid. We confined them here, debating what was best to do, fearing you would become dissatisfied. They tried to escape and found the treasure and the snakes. The black man will die."

"Are you there, Mr. Reuel?" came in a muffled voice from the dying man.

Reuel stood beside him and took his hand,—“Yes, Jim, it is I; how came you thus?”

"The way of the transgressor is hard," groaned the man. "I would not have been here had I not consented to take your life. I am sure you must have suspected me; I was but a bungler, and often my heart failed me."

"Unhappy man! how could you plot to hurt one who has never harmed you?" exclaimed Reuel.

"Aubrey Livingston was my foster brother, and I could deny him nothing."

"Aubrey Livingston! Was he the investigator?"

"Yes," sighed the dying man. "Return home as soon as possible and rescue your wife—your wife, and yet not your wife—for a man may not marry his sister."

"What!" almost shrieked Reuel. "What!"

"I have said it. Dianthe Lusk is your own sister, the half-sister of Aubrey Livingston, who is your half-brother."

Reuel stood for a moment, apparently struggling for words to answer the dying man's assertion, then fell on his knees in a passion of sobs agonizing to witness. "You know then, Jim, that I am Mira's son?" he said at length.

"I do. Aubrey planned to have Miss Dianthe from the first night he saw her; he got you this chance with the expedition; he kept you from getting anything else to force you to a separation from the girl. He bribed me to accidentally put you out of the way. He killed Miss Molly to have a free road to Dianthe. Go home, Reuel Briggs, and at least

rescue the girl from misery. Watch, watch, or he will outwit you yet." Reuel started in a frenzy of rage to seize the man, but Ai's hand was on his arm.

"Peace, Ergamenes; he belongs to the ages now."

One more convulsive gasp, and Jim Titus had gone to atone for the deeds done in the flesh.

With pallid lips and trembling frame, Reuel turned from the dead to the liv-

ing. As he sat beside his friend, his mind was far away in America looking with brooding eyes into the past and gazing hopelessly into the future. Truly hath the poet said,—

"The evil that men do lives after them."

And Reuel cursed with a mighty curse the bond that bound him to the white race of his native land.

(To be continued.)

COLUMBIA'S DISGRACE.

Written especially for THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

TOWNSEND ALLEN.

Ay, black was the man, and black was the deed,
But blacker by far was the lawless creed
Of those lawless men with their faces white
Who avenged the deed in the dead of night!

For black were the hearts of that howling mob,
And worthy of Hades their fiendish job!
A shudder of horror around the globe ran,
At this beastly revertal of civilized man!

The earth holds no record of more barbarous scene,
No wild, savage orgie in history's dark screen
Surpasses in demon-like hatred and spite,
The deed of those white men that shameful night.

And this, on Columbia's "land of the free!"
Beneath the bright flag whose stars all decree
A perfect equality, justice; above all
Protection by law, until those stars fall!

And this, when we reprimand Russia, in sooth!
And prate of our liberty, freedom and truth!
The nations of earth point the finger of scorn
At Columbia's banner, blood stained and torn!

Shame! shame on the brutes who let loose on the land
This Spirit of Lawlessness! 'Twas Southern hand
First took up the fagot, the torch and the stake,
And started these fires which 'twill take blood to slake.

Defiant of law, both of man and of heaven,
They lynched and they roasted alive! Now this leaven
Contagious is working; but God is not blind;
They'll reap the wild whirlwind, who sow the wind!

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN.

JOHN P. FAULKNER.

The people of the United States maintain that they have so established freedom, unity and brotherhood, so cultivated the arts of peace and international arbitration, so pursued the road of progress in science and literature, that to-day they stand first among the nations of the world as the greatest factors of civilization.

You boast of your country as the asylum for the oppressed, you say that she stands like an angel of refuge welcoming all to come to her, that she may quiet their troubles, calm their fears and give them protection within the folds of her flag. In the language of the Scriptures you call to the oppressed of all nations: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The Irishman hears this call, and as soon as he reaches the shores of your country the yoke of centuries drops from his shoulders. The Russian peasant sets foot on your soil in answer to this call and he sees the narrow limits of his civil and political rights suddenly vanish. The German laborer welcomes the call, crosses the Atlantic, and finds emancipation from a life of ceaseless drudgery and unrelenting toil. You say to the downtrodden of every race: "With us you will find a remedy for your troubles, a solution for your problems, and that 'peace on earth, good will to men,' sung by the angels above the plains of Bethlehem." You boast of humanity because you sympathized with the Cubans and overthrew the Spaniard. You boast of your benevolence and enumerate the many institutions for the protection and the help of society,—the homes for incurables, hospitals, insane asylums and

industrial schools. You boast of the publicity of American activity, of your religious tolerance, of universal manhood suffrage and of the diffusion of education. You say that you have triumphed in reason, enterprise, courage and justice, over passion, selfishness, inertness and distrust, and that there is none like unto you in love for humanity, the protection of your citizens and in the granting to them of equal rights and privileges. But I wish you to consider the treatment you give a people walking your streets, whose faces are not white, but black; whose features are not Saxon, but Ethiopian; whose heredity is not European, but African.

I wish you to consider how this people came among you. They did not come to America as to a land of promise. Set upon in their African home, they were driven like cattle to the sea-coast, forced on board slavers, crowded under the hatches and into the hold, and borne far away from that land for which they cried in vain. Some in desperation walked the plank into the sea; others died of suffocation, and their bodies rotted ere they reached the shores of this country. We were torn from our native land, where we were content to roam in the jungles, to live among wild animals, to endure the scorching heat of the desert sun, to worship idols and to remain in superstition and ignorance. Against our wills we were brought to your country. You bought us from the trading vessels, and considered us beasts of burden, property, things,—commodities by which you could become rich. You abused us wherever we went. When you found slave labor profitable in the South, by means of the whip and the

lash you forced us to labor in the cotton-fields, canebrakes, and rice-swamps for more than two hundred years. No slavery was ever more brutal, more cruel and more soulless. When the Greeks were conquered by the Romans, they became the companions and the instructors of their conquerors. Your own ancestors, the Saxons, were forced to endure contumely and insult; but the treatment which you received at the hands of the Normans was merciful and kind as compared with that which you gave us. The persecution of the Jews may be called a blessing, when you consider what we were compelled to endure. No people have ever borne more onerous burdens. No people have ever endured greater suffering. We were whipped until our backs ran with blood; we were tortured in every conceivable manner. Families were separated, children torn from their mothers' breasts, were sold or given away like puppies. We stood on the auction block, and were bought by the highest bidders. The treatment we received made us brutes. Frederick Douglass, in speaking of his condition at one period of his life, said: "My natural elasticity was crushed; the disposition to read departed; the cheerful spark that lingered about my eyes died out; the dark night closed in upon me, and behold, man was transformed into a brute." We had no rights that you were compelled to respect. Justice was unknown to us, and the leaden sky did not emit a single ray of hope. All was dark, miserable, wretched. As the result of a war waged to maintain the Union, we were given our freedom. Great were our needs. We had neither food, nor clothes, nor shelter; the country had been laid waste and the fields had been devastated. You then came to our rescue. You fed us, you clothed us, you gave us shelter. You furnished us schools and gave us political rights. Then you stood aside

to see what we would do. And, like the children that we were, we advanced with faltering steps. But since we failed in forty years to rid ourselves of all the vices that you in two hundred had taught us, since we failed in forty years to measure arms with the first nation in the world; and since we failed to do in four decades what you have accomplished in four milleniums, you immediately forget that we were but yesterday in chains. You forget that we were but yesterday overwhelmed by despair. You forget that we were but yesterday chattels, things,—and instead of encouraging in us manhood and self-respect, you try to crush it out with your sneers and curses; instead of fostering in us the first sparks and promise of life, like an unnatural mother you spurn us, as if you had given birth to a monstrosity.

Would you expect a cripple to compete with an athlete in a foot race? Because he does not win, would you spurn him? Would you expect the man under the influence of the opiate to bestir himself like the man of clear intellect? The lethargy of Africa is still in our veins.

You of the North may wonder why these words are addressed to you. You say: "We have not subjected you to such outrages." No! But you have been indifferent to these outrages. You have not tried to prevent them. You have tried to shift the responsibility. It is the nation's crime. You heard the cry of the Cuban across the sea, and rescued him from the ruthless hand of the Spaniard, but in your own land your ears are deaf to the howl of the mob and the cry of the Negro, pleading for justice and mercy. Since you are silent, the odor arising from the burning flesh of human beings is not offensive to you. You aroused public sentiment to denounce the Turk when he slaughtered the Armenian, and you aroused public sentiment to condemn the Boxer for killing

the missionary, but you are silent when the Negro is lynched.

Do you not know that behind a black skin is human intelligence? Do you not know that within the black man is a heart that may be wrung with sorrow and seized with despair, or that may be filled with joy and inspired by love?

The white race to-day is entering upon its manhood. So far away has been the childhood of your race, that you have forgotten your own childish errors. But so recently has life begun to stir in the African that less than six generations connect us with the jungle. Do you not know that when Martin Luther was revealing to the world the hidden truth of God we were still bowing before our wooden gods of Africa? Do you not know that when Milton and Cromwell were securing you political rights, the tribal bonds were still our only patriotism? Do you not know that when Shakespeare was placing your literature among the first literature of the world, we were still mumbling our chants of superstition?

But something more than pity should stir your breasts to-day. You look upon this uncouth savage who is wearing the borrowed livery of your civilization. You see how clumsily sits upon him your language, your industry, your religion. Wrought into the very fibre of your lives is this heritage of your an-

cestors, but when you look at him, behind this unnatural polish lurks the potency of the jungle. You see all this, and you are ashamed of us. But let me warn you to-night that shame will not allay the mighty fires of race hatred that are being kindled in our land. Prolific as the very womb of Africa, the Negro race is outstripping the white in the number of its population. How will the reckoning be when this black child, grown to the estate of man, shall feel the power in his veins, and stretch his mighty limbs for retaliation? What excuse will save you then? Will it be that we have no business here disrupting the land of the Anglo-Saxon? Ah, but for your whips and chains, we would even now be far away, beyond the Atlantic. Will you point to our industrial, our intellectual, our moral infertility? Our answer shall be: "I asked for bread, and ye gave me a stone."

But it is not too late to warn and to hope. To warn against the indifference that is the father of neglect, against the neglect that makes for race hatred, against the race hatred that begets rebellion; to hope for that kindness of the strong to the weak, that helpfulness on the part of the fortunate for those in difficulties, that Christ-spirit pervasive in the land that will usher in the brotherhood of man, the federation of the world.

LOVE'S MESSAGES.

JAMES R. TINES.

Ah, sweet, when I am far from you
And I sit, with stars above;
'Cross fallow fields, or rolling blue,
I bid them take my love.

Sit thou within thy garden bower,
And dream that I am true;
Each twinkle from the starry shower
Bears messages to you.

WHY WE SEEK THE HIGHER EDUCATION.

NAOMI AMANDA JOHNSTON.

As I looked over the past records of great men and women who have played their parts well in the history of commerce, industry and education, I learned that their success was due to the thorough training which was received at some institution of learning.

Obtaining this information, I became inspired to write upon this subject, "Why We Seek the Higher Education." The reasons are many, but I will only offer the most important, which will appeal to every thoughtful young man or woman for the highest consideration.

My first reason is the great opportunity afforded to expand our thinking power. The highest capability of the human mind is the power to reason. In this great age every man's position is determined by the amount of trained and developed intellect that he can bring to bear upon his work. The man who can form new ideas and execute them, is the man the world craves.

A second reason is: It opens to the soul undiscovered facts, vast mountains and fields of labor. Every man can recall how his soul expanded as the great secrets of history, literature, and science were revealed to him. It was then he took a new intellectual birth.

A third reason: It develops individual life. The well-trained man realizes more from life than the untrained, because he has put more into it, and from that investment accrues greater personal enjoyment. Education not only enriches the common pleasures of life, but it opens new sources of enjoyment. It extends the period of youth and furnishes a store of happiness in old age. The man who can understand and appreciate the world's vast contributions of lit-

erature, science and art, has a source of enjoyment and happiness of which neither sickness nor misfortune can deprive him.

The fourth reason: It creates social contact. The best advantage to be obtained is the blessing and inspiration that comes from personal contact with students and instructors. The friendships formed in colleges are apt to become a source of pleasure and satisfaction in later years.

The fifth reason: It saves one from future regret. There must be preparation for the future, because there are many men who are bitterly regretting the fact to-day that they in their youth, failed to receive a liberal education. But point me out the man who has really ever regretted that he was a college graduate! There is not one.

Thousands have regretted the lack of a college training, but not one the possession of it.

The sixth reason: It gives to the farmer new thought on agriculture. Never in the history of agriculture have the farming districts prospered more than in this age. It is because the men who have these farms in charge have undergone a scientific course of study, and applied this training to the development of agriculture.

The seventh and last reason: The future teacher must be a college graduate. A generation ago there were but few college graduates employed in the public school work of this country. To-day I learn that nearly all of the grammar and high schools of New England and the Western states are filled by college graduates. With the increasing high standard of the public school system,

the future teacher will need an equivalent of high school training, together with a thorough pedagogical course, for this is needed for the more desirable positions in the future.

After all that can be said, the well-trained man will be the real man of the future, both of thought and affairs. Genius will continue to play its part, but genius college-trained will be mightier still. The untrained applicant will find it difficult in the future to retain his po-

sition against the keen competition of intellectual advancement. The wide awake men in business,—agricultural, social and the political walks of life—realize this fact.

These reasons prove that to succeed in any profession or trade, one must possess a thorough training in order to compete with men well versed, well trained, and highly cultured. These are the reasons I offer for seeking the higher education.

MRS. WILLIAM SCOTT.

OBITUARY.

We present in this issue a cut of Mrs. Wm. Scott and an account of her illness and death, as published in the "Home Mission Monthly."

The friends of this distinguished colored lecturer and Home Mission field worker were greatly shocked on Saturday morning, June 9, 1903, to learn of her death at Harper hospital. Mrs. Scott came to Detroit March 14th and reported to Dr. Jamison, District Secretary of the Home Mission Society, by direction of the Board in New York.

As she came to his house, Dr. Jamison noticed that she was ill, and inquiring the cause, was told that she was suffering from a wound in the right hand, made by a wire nail in a box she was opening. As the wound was much inflamed and seemed to be serious, she was advised to go to Mrs. Preston's house on Monroe Avenue and call a physician. She did so, but in a day or two, as the wound grew worse, Mrs. Wm. A. Moore called her own physician, Dr. Longyear, to the case. He pronounced it an aggravated case of blood poisoning, and recommended that she be sent to Harper hospital. Mrs. Moore kindly provided a room for the

sufferer, and directed Dr. Longyear to attend her personally.

Every means that medical skill and careful nursing could devise were resorted to, but the poison seemed to have entered her system, and could not be removed. She suffered intensely at each dressing of the wound, and two or three weeks before her death it was thought that she could not endure the pain longer. Her husband was sent for and remained at her bedside each day, doing all he could for her comfort.

She seemed to be getting better, and hope was entertained that she could soon be removed to her home at Lathrop, Mo. On Saturday morning, however, she grew worse, and the physicians thought it best to administer a powerful anesthetic, as they were operating on the arm. Her heart was weak from long suffering and daily exhaustion, and its action ceased. She sank peacefully away, and was at rest. During her sickness, Mrs. Scott was visited frequently by Secretary Jamison and other ministers. Mrs. Wm. Moore was a daily visitor, and did much, as her generous heart prompted her, to make the condition of Mrs. Scott more com-

fortable. To Dr. Longyear, Dr. Laferty, and other physicians, thanks are due for free services, and to friends at the hospital for kind attentions.

The body of the deceased lady was embalmed, and on Sunday morning was taken to Lathrop, Mo., by the bereaved husband, the Home Mission Society, at the direction of Dr. Moorehouse, liberally aiding in the expense.

Mrs. Scott was born a slave at Clinton, Mo., Jan. 21, 1855, and received her freedom by the amendment to the Constitution in 1865. Her master had strong personal reasons for being interested in her welfare, and encouraged her early education. After gaining her freedom, she continued to prosecute her studies with diligence, and fitted herself for teaching in the public schools, which she did with great success for twenty years. For the last five years she has been engaged in travelling and lecturing in the interest of the schools for the education of colored people, but more particularly in the general educational work of the Home Mission Society. She was a most earnest and eloquent speaker, and never failed to interest and instruct her audiences. In the death of Mrs. Scott the cause of Negro education and advancement has sustained a great loss. For five years she was the efficient financial agent of The Western College, during which time she made many friends for the school, and collected hundreds of dollars. She resigned work under the State Board to become the special agent of the Baptist Home Mission Society, in which position she served with great acceptance for five years. She was ar-

ranging to begin another five years' period of service when death ended her earthly career.

In character and talents Mrs. Scott was a remarkable woman. With womanly bearing, a keen sense of the fitness of things, with unusual tact and good judgment in her public utterances, she never failed to stir the sympathies of those to whom she spoke in behalf of her race. Wherever she went she served as a splendid example of that refinement, culture and intellectuality of which the race is susceptible. In the East, North and West her eloquent voice was lifted in behalf of the Negro, and the wrongs to which he is often subjected were vividly set forth. Sister Scott was interested in her people, and willingly put into their service her time and talents. One of the most eloquent tributes paid to her memory was the large concourse of sorrowing friends who attended the funeral at Lathrop. The church was filled to overflowing by both white and black, and many tears were shed attesting sincere grief by reason of the loss of such a noble woman.

Seeing the need of mission work in Lathrop, Mrs. Scott established a mission school where the girls and boys from the streets are gathered every Sabbath and taught God's word. Many children, and even grown persons, have been converted in this mission. The school was supported by its generous founder.

Just why such a useful life should be taken from earth in the zenith of its helpful service to humanity, is not for us to understand. "It is God's way."

Run the straight race through God's
good grace,
Lift up thine eyes and seek His face;
Life with its path before thee lies,
Christ is the way, and Christ the prize.

LIFE AND WORK OF NEGROES DISTINGUISHED
IN EARLIER CENTURIES
IN
SCIENCE, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

III. BENJAMIN BANNEKER.

JOHN H. B. LATROBE.

Read before the Maryland Historical Society, May 1, 1845.

There are no questions relating to our country of more interest than those connected with her colored population; an interest which has been increasing year after year, until it has acquired its present absorbing character. . . . The Historical Society of Pennsylvania has, no doubt, carefully gathered all that could be obtained to illustrate the life and scientific character of Rittenhouse. In presenting to the Historical Society of Maryland a memoir of Banneker, the little that is known of one who followed, under every disadvantage, in the footsteps of the philosopher of our sister State, is collected and preserved. Whether, therefore, as a matter of mere curiosity only, or as a fact from which important inferences are to be drawn, a memoir of the individual in question should possess interest for this association.

Benjamin Banneker was born in Baltimore County, near the village of Ellicott Mills, in 1732. His father was a native African, and his mother the child of native Africans; so that to no admixture of the blood of the white man was he indebted for his peculiar and extraordinary abilities. His father was a slave when he married; but his wife, who was a free woman, and possessed of great energy and industry, very soon afterwards purchased his freedom. Banneker's mother belonged to a family re-

markable for its intelligence. A nephew of hers, Greenbury Morton, was a person of some note, notwithstanding his complexion. Prior to 1809, free persons of color, possessed of certain property qualifications, voted in Maryland. In this year a law was passed restricting the right of voting to free white males. Morton was ignorant of the law till he offered his vote at the polls in Baltimore County, and it is said that when his vote was refused, he addressed the crowd in a strain of true and passionate eloquence, that kept the audience of white voters in breathless attention while he spoke.

The joint labor of the elder Banneker and his wife enabled them to purchase a small farm, which continued after their death in the possession of their son. At the date of Banneker's birth, his parents, although within ten miles of Baltimore, lived almost in a wilderness. In 1740, Baltimore had been surrounded by a board fence to protect it from the Indians. All this is to be remembered, in order that the difficulties against which Banneker struggled may be fairly understood.

When old enough, Benjamin was employed to assist his parents in their labor. This was at an early age, when his destiny seemed nothing better than that of a child of poor and ignorant free Negroes, occupying a few acres of land

in a remote and thinly peopled neighborhood,—a destiny which, at the time in question, must have been gloomy enough. In the intervals of toil he was sent to an obscure and distant country school, which he attended until he had acquired a knowledge of reading and writing, and had advanced in arithmetic as far as "Double Position." In all matters beyond these rudiments of learning he was his own instructor. On leaving school he was obliged to labor for years, almost uninterruptedly, for his support. But his memory being retentive, he lost nothing of the little education he had acquired. On the contrary, although utterly destitute of books, he amplified and improved his stock of arithmetical knowledge by the operation of his mind alone. He was an acute observer of everything that he saw, or which took place around him in the natural world, and he sought with avidity information from all sources of what was going forward in society, so that he became gradually possessed of a fund of knowledge which it was difficult to find among those even who were far more favored by opportunity and circumstance than he was. At first his information was a subject of remark and wonder among his illiterate neighbors only; but by degrees the reputation of it spread through a wider circle; and Benjamin Banneker, still a young man, came to be thought of as one who could not only perform all the operations of mental arithmetic with extraordinary facility, but exercise a sound and discriminating judgment upon men and things. It was at this time, when he was about thirty years of age, that he contrived and made a clock, which proved an excellent time-piece. He had seen a watch, but not a clock, such an article not yet having found its way into the quiet and secluded valley in which he lived. The watch was, therefore, his model. It took him a good while to accomplish this feat; his great difficulty

being to make the hour, minute and second hands correspond in their motions. But the clock was finished at last, and raised still higher the credit of Banneker in his neighborhood as an ingenious man, as well as a good arithmetician. The making of the clock was an important matter, for it was probably owing to the fame of it, that the Ellicott family who had just commenced a settlement where the Ellicott Mills once stood, were induced to seek him out. Well educated, and having great aptness for the useful mechanics, they were the men of all others able to understand and appreciate the character and abilities of Banneker, and they continued during his life his firm and zealous friends.

In 1787 Mr. George Ellicott lent Banneker Mayer's Tables, Fergusson's Astronomy and Leadbeater's Lunar Tables. Along with these books were astronomical instruments. Mr. Ellicott was accidentally prevented from giving Banneker any information as to the use of either books or instruments at the time he lent them; but before he again met him—and the interval was a brief one—Banneker was independent of any instruction, and was already absorbed in the contemplation of the new world which was opened thus to his view. From this time the study of astronomy became the great object of his life. He was unmarried, and was the sole occupant of a cabin on the lot of ground already mentioned. His parents had died at a date which is not remembered. He was still obliged to labor for his bread, but by contracting his wants he made little serve him, and he thus obtained leisure to devote to his books. His favorite time for study was night, when he could look out upon the planets whose story he was reading, and whose laws he was slowly but surely mastering.

Very soon after the possession of the books already mentioned had drawn Banneker's attention to astronomy, he

determined to compile an almanac. Of the labor of the work, few of those can form an estimate, who would at this day commence such a task, with all the assistance afforded by accurate tables and well-digested rules. Banneker had no such aid; and it is narrated as a well known fact, that he commenced and had advanced far, far in the preparation of the logarithms necessary for his purpose, when he was furnished with a set of tables by Mr. George Ellicott. About this time he began the record of his calculations, which is still in existence, and is left with the Society for examination.

A memorandum contained in it corrects an error in Fergusson's Astronomy:

"It appears to me that the wisest of men may at times be in error; for instance, Dr. Fergusson informs us that when the sun is within 12° of either node at the time of full, that the moon will be eclipsed. But I find, according to his method of projecting a lunar eclipse, there will be none by the above elements, and yet the sun is within $11^{\circ} 46' 11''$ of the moon's ascending node. But the moon being in her apogee prevents the appearance of this eclipse."

(To be concluded.)

THE DRURY OPERA COMPANY IN VERDI'S "AIDA."

ROBERT W. CARTER.

Much has been said of the Negro's progress in education, and of his achievements in intellectual development; but thus far only adverse criticism has greeted his attempts to interpret classic music. The press of two hemispheres applauds with enthusiasm great artists like Tamagno, Lucca, and Nilsson; but as yet, the greatest efforts made by cultured Negro artists, possessed of phenomenal vocal organs, have produced no eulogy from the general public,—nothing but faint applause from a generous-hearted few, who wonder and speculate at the Negro's efforts to attain a high degree of culture in artistic vocalization augmented by dramatic action.

Some call the Negro a child of song, but this compliment is conferred by those who know him only in ragtime song and dance. Great audiences of Caucasians welcome and applaud the colored actor in these roles; but the Negro artist is progressing; he no longer confines himself to comedy, but is making strenuous efforts to climb the hill of fame in legitimate work.

The late Mr. Sam Jack did more than any other white man to introduce colored male and female performers to the amusement world, but none has yet ventured to present grand opera with Negro vocalists. This the Negro is doing for himself, unaided.

Many white people who praise the black comedian declare his proficiency in their favorite roles to be in line with his droll nature and odd characteristics, and that therein lies his success before the footlights. This is unjust criticism, for all races have their droll characteristics, which afford more or less sport for the multitude; as, for instance, the Irishman with his peculiar sayings, which furnish us with "Mr. Dooley" of undying fame, along with "Mr. Hennessey," the Chinaman, the Yankee, and the never-tiring Dutchman in his wonderful mix-up of English and German words. The Negro, therefore, like any other race of people, will pass from one degree of development to another until he achieves the highest point of advancement in singing and acting.

For although superior advantages as

a rule, engender greatness in the heirs of wealth, Nature, ever kindly to her children of humble origin, endows a favored few with the choicest gifts from her great storehouse; thus genius rises from the gutter and progress is equalized.

The force of aptitude led Mr. Frederick Douglass, though born a slave, to fame. Mr. John R. Lynch, Hon. B. K. Bruce and Prof. John M. Langston, rose to dignity and distinguished superiority from humble log cabins, not from gilded halls. Garfield, Grant and Lincoln, though of the proud Caucasian race were led by Nature's extraordinary gifts, from the humblest walks of life to preside over the grandest republic ever known to civilization. Verdi, Rossini, Donizetti and Bellini, now the four great Italian masters of music, were not heirs to gilded halls and a long line of noble ancestry, but rose from the common people. Love, courage, sympathy and talents are the forces that lead men to greatness, and crown them with honor and fame.

These are the agents that are bringing success to Mr. Theodore Drury of New York, in his arduous task of presenting grand opera with colored performers before critical audiences in the great Western metropolis.

Mr. Drury is peculiarly well fitted to become the pioneer in a great movement, and this is a great movement, an epoch in our race history. Undismayed by difficulties, he presses forward toward the goal of his ambition as did Douglass and Elliott, and Bruce and Lynch and Langston, and a host of other grand race lovers.

Thus far he has succeeded in presenting four grand operas: "Il Guarany," "Carmen," "Faust" and "Aida," each showing improvement in artistic execution, over the last; each demonstrating a growing intelligence and greater appreciation of the highest class of musical

productions by the rank and file of Afro-Americans.

Deserved applause greeted Mr. Drury and his company in Verdi's grand opera of "Aida" at the Lexington opera house, New York, May 11, last. "Aida" is a masterpiece of a great Italian master; the poetry is beautiful, and the music exquisite. The chief incidents of the opera deal with the love which Aida, daughter of the Ethiopian king, entertains for Radames, a young Egyptian warrior, and his response to her affection. Amneris, daughter of the Egyptian king, is also in love with the chieftain, and in the last act, she kneels in prayer, heart-broken, while the lovers die in the tomb, united in death.

Mr. Drury was ably supported by Madame Estelle Clough as Aida, whose sublime soprano voice and great histrionic ability were a revelation to her friends and admirers. Mr. Geo. L. Ruffin's rich baritone voice was heard to even better advantage in "Amonasro," than when he essayed the role of Valentine in "Faust," and gave much pleasure to the listener.

Miss Alfrida Wegner essayed the role of "Amneris," and her grand contralto voice was heard to the best advantage. Mr. David Manser appeared as Ramplies, Mr. Ralph Young as the King of Egypt, Mr. Oliver Taylor as "Messenger."

Mr. Drury as "Radames" gave an excellent interpretation of the part. He was in fine voice and gave great pleasure to his critical audience.

The opera, though liberally cut, was an artistic success, liberal applause and encores being the rule of the evening, the performers being the recipients of magnificent floral offerings. Mr. Drury has been urged to repeat the opera in May, 1904, but it is rumored that his next venture will be made in Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana."

These operas given by Mr. Drury, should be well received for many reasons, the chief of which lies in the fact that they are doing much to mitigate the prejudice of the Caucasians against the

casian made up the vast audience, and shared refreshments in the same dining-room. At these gatherings the refined and cultured of our race assemble, and from them the Caucasian learns that all



THEODORE DRURY.

(See page 596)

colored race. In the opera of "Aida," as in that of "Faust," white and colored performers sang and acted together on the stage, the Afro-American and Cau-

of the Negro race are not ragtime characters, but that a great number of us possess a discriminating and cultivated taste for the fine arts.

Many whites will receive this matter in a spirit of levity, forgetting that though the Negro be black and acquainted with years of oppression, he possesses in a marked degree the artistic temperament which is bestowed by

passed into oblivion, and the brighter day he then hoped for, and which his song voiced is now realized by the present generation of Afro-Americans.

It is a blessed provision that Nature favors the lowly as well as those in the



MME. ESTELLE CLOUGH, AS "AIDA."

(See page 596)

Nature on her children indiscriminately, and which has inspired the souls of white men with poetry and song. Once the Negro sang only of sorrow, inspired thereto by gloomy surroundings and pitiful conditions. Those days have

higher walks of life. Idiots, too, are sometimes born in the homes of wealth, while intellectual greatness rises from among the common herd. In a certain Northern college a white Southern student complained of his colored class-

mate and at length wrote to his father to have his seat changed. In reply the Professor wrote that "the difference in attainments will soon settle the matter." When the spring examinations were concluded, the colored student went to the senior class, while the white Southern student remained in his old seat.

The rapid intellectual development of the Negro is the main cause of the growing trouble in the Southland; he is no longer satisfied to be the white man's "menial." He aspires to compass all knowledge that can make him of greater service to mankind and more obedient to the will of God.

THE COLORED Y. M. C. A. OF ORANGE, N. J.

W. P. T.

This branch was organized in May, 1890. As the writer was enjoying himself one evening at the main association Mr. Dudley came to him and said, "Come with me." His requests always being obeyed, we went to Park Hall, and then and there organized what is now known as the Colored Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Amos Marsh, Jr., was chosen our President, and held that office some ten years. He was succeeded by James E. Churchman, who still holds that office. Thomas H. Johnson was chosen the first Treasurer, and has held that office ever since.

The formal opening services were held in Willow Hall on June 30. The rooms were filled to overflowing. The address of welcome was delivered by the President, and Scripture lesson read by Rev. J. H. Travis. Prayer was offered by Rev. T. H. Pierce, after which Mr. Colgate addressed the meeting. A Bible class was organized with the teacher agreeing to give eight lessons to get it well started, but the eight lessons, by some means, have extended into thirteen years.

"Willow Hall," our first home, needs a passing word. This was an old stone building on Main St., whose walls were saturated with prayer. This building was first occupied by the Quakers. The business men's noon-day prayer meeting was held here during our late Civil War, then the Colored Branch of Y. M.

C. A. The third floor was occupied by a Methodist Church, which was followed by the Salvation Army.

In the minutes of October, 1890, I find the following:—"Men's meeting Sunday afternoon, with an attendance of 38. One confessed Christ. Two asked for prayers, and others testified as to how they had been helped. This is only one of the many meetings that have been the means of strengthening and changing the lives of many. The Bible class which has been and is the nucleus of our work, has brought forth such expressions as this from our pastors, 'I can preach better since this class started, because my hearers are better prepared to receive the truth.'"

1891	Bible Class	1075
	Visits to Rooms	6445
	Men's Meetings	1200
1892	Bible Class	762
	Men's Meetings	1050
	Visits to Rooms	5249
1897	Bible Class	782
	Men's Meetings	1076
	Visits to Rooms	7466
1898	Bible Class	532
	Attendance	6879
	Men's Meetings	965
1899	Bible Class	427
	Visits to Rooms	1788
	Men's Meetings	1005
1902	Bible Class (average weekly attendance)	18

The records for the missing years have been destroyed, thus we cannot give a complete account of the work. From the above figures it seems that in some things we are like the elevator man who has his ups and downs, but unlike him in having had more downs than ups.

this work. While Newark, Trenton and Philadelphia have begun a work of this kind, they were obliged to abandon it. Thanks to a kind Providence, we still live. Perhaps the sanctified walls of the old building had a great deal to do with our success.

Since 1901 we have been in our new



Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, ORANGE, N. J.

While it is difficult to outline the entire work done, we may state that we have had many conversions and great testimony to the strength and spiritual help derived from our men's meetings. It is wonderful how the Lord has guided

home, a picture of which appears with this article. At that time, God sent us a kind friend, Mr. J. D. Holmes, who put up the building at his own expense, and fitted it up to meet the needs of the Association. On November 9, we were

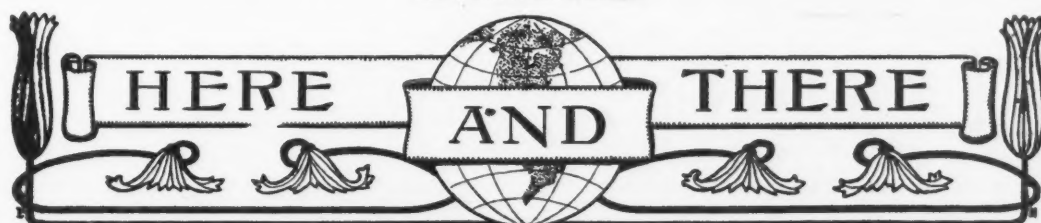
surprised to learn that the Lord had sent us a Secretary who would give his entire time to the work,—Mr. Sylvester Cunningham, who spent several years at Mt. Hermon, Mass., at the Moody school.

Mr Cunningham's deep religious principles and his interest in athletics, have attracted many young men to the rooms who were indifferent to the Association before his coming. He is an ardent admirer of clean, manly sports, and this gives him the desired opportunity of ap-

proaching young men upon the subject of the soul's welfare.

The social side of our Y. M. C. A. has also received his earnest attention, and one has only to attend our receptions to see that he is interested in every branch of the work that tends to develop the true man.

With God for our leader and teacher, we hope to accomplish a work that has hitherto been somewhat neglected by our churches,—the salvation of young men.



[Under this heading we shall publish monthly such short articles or locals as will enable our subscribers to keep in close touch with the various social movements among the colored race, not only throughout this country but the world. All are invited to contribute items of general news and interest.]

Miss Nora Perkins of Chicago, Ill., is full of energy and business tact. She has secured a position as saleslady and solicitor with a well-known sewing-machine merchant of that city, C. W. White, 31st St. Mr. White speaks in the highest terms of Miss Perkins as a business woman. He says: "Miss Nora Perkins is one of the best business women I ever saw. She is honest, straightforward, energetic and clearly represents the best business element of her race."

This is a splendid record for this young lady, and we hope other race women will be moved to go and do likewise.

* * * * *

Mr. Clifford C. Hancock, whose interesting sketch of life in Alaska appears in this number of "The Colored American Magazine," is now living in Seattle, but in a few months he will return to San Francisco and re-enter the service of Capt. Farnsworth, whose portrait also appears in this issue.

Capt. Farnsworth has been the benefactor and friend of Mr. Hancock, aiding him in every way possible in his successful attempt to place his experiences in Alaska before our readers, beautifully illustrated.

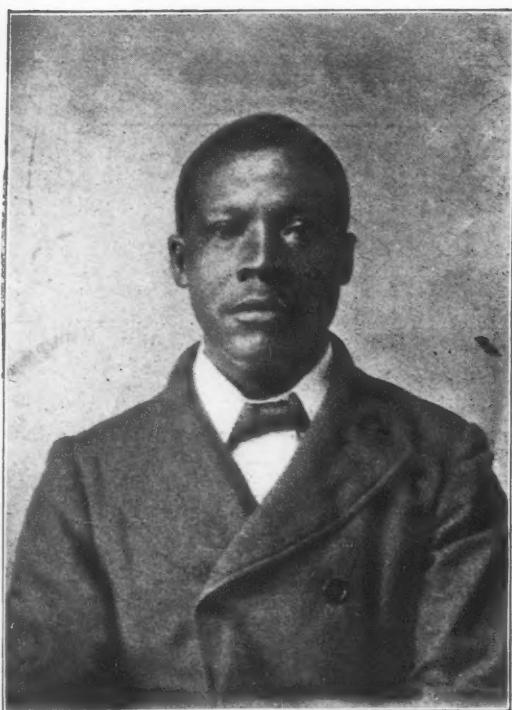
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Mr. Jackson W. Giles of the "Alabama Decision" fame, was born on January 4, 1859, near Rockford, Coosa County, Alabama, on Colonel William Garrett's plantation.

He removed with his parents to Montgomery, Alabama, in 1872, and there received a limited education, but has put what he received to the best use. He is a deacon in the Congregational church of Montgomery, and has held high positions in many secret societies. In March, 1890, he was appointed letter carrier, and served in that position three years and five months. In January, 1898, he was appointed chief janitor of United States government buildings.

He has been a delegate to every Republican County Convention for more than twenty years, and has been a delegate several times to State Conventions.

Mr. Giles is always present at the Farmers' Conference at Tuskegee, as the President of the farmers. He has been twice married; having lost his first wife in 1895, he married Miss Mary Day in 1897.



JACKSON W. GILES, MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.
Famous plaintiff in the Giles vs. Alabama case.

From these facts we learn that Mr. Giles is a highly respected citizen of the community in which he resides. He is, indeed, a race leader of the right sort. This is clearly demonstrated by his position in the Alabama case now creating so great a stir in the halls of justice of the Republic.

March 25, 1902, at a mass meeting of the colored citizens of Alabama, called to test the legality of the new State Constitution, Jackson Giles was elected

President of the Suffrage Society for Montgomery County.

Three cases have been brought to test the suffrage clauses of Alabama's new constitution, in his name, and two cases are now before the United States Supreme Court.

* * * * *

Mr. James E. Porter, Jr., was born in New Orleans, January 10, 1882, and removed to Denver, Colo., in 1894. He received an excellent education in the public schools of that city, but was unable to finish his course in the high school because of illness.

When the gallant Twenty-fifth Infantry arrived at Fort Logan, Colo., during the Spanish-American war, Mr. Porter decided to join them, and he enlisted in "I" Company of that regiment. Although he was in some of the hottest battles, young Porter was fortunate enough not to receive a wound. He served in the Philippine Islands two years and eight months, receiving an honorable discharge in April, 1902, at Angel Island, California.

Mr. Porter is one of the Western agents of the "Colored American Magazine."

* * * * *

Mr. St. James Greenfield, agent for the "Colored American Magazine" at Selma, Alabama, is a grand type of the class of men Tuskegee Institute is turning out. The parents and friends of Mr. Greenfield owe Tuskegee much, for they have made of him an honest, diligent and thoroughly capable man, with great prospects for the future.

Mr. Greenfield was born and reared in Livingston, Alabama, and went to Selma in 1901, accepting a position with the R. H. Duncan Printing Company, whose business had suffered greatly for two or three years for want of a reliable and trustworthy foreman. The com-

pany had been imposed upon so much that they had little confidence in Mr. Greenfield, notwithstanding his recommendations, but after two years of close

Baptist church, and a faithful son. Mr. Greenfield is the foreman of the R. H. Duncan Printing Company, 305 and 307 Franklin St., Selma, Alabama.



MRS WILLIAM SCOTT.

(See page 591)

association, they are delighted to testify to his gentlemanly service and staunch integrity. He has more excellent qualities than are usually found in the average young man of the day. He is a first-class printer, a worthy member of the

Mr. Albert S. Lowe, whose picture appears in this issue, is a member of the band of the Tenth United States Cavalry, Fort Robinson, Nebraska.

Mr. Lowe is a fine musician and a valuable member of the band. He has

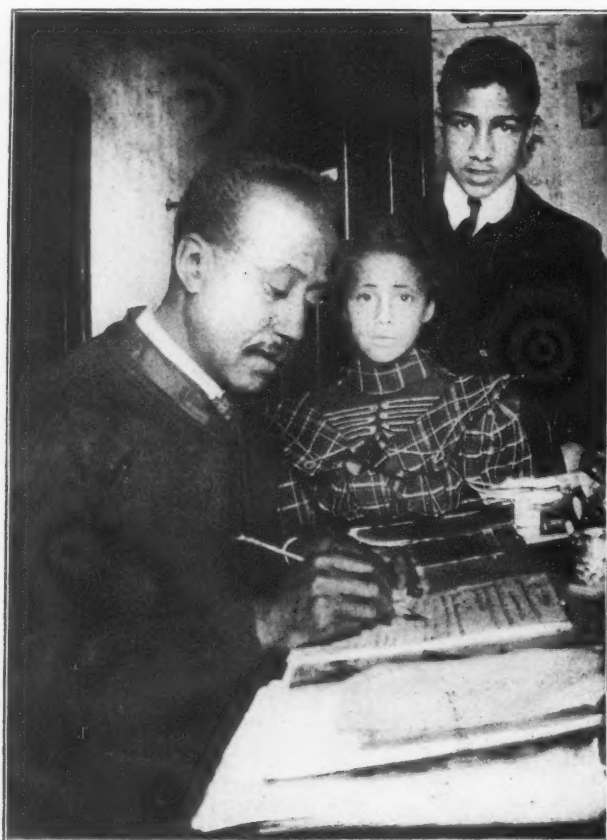
seen much service along with his gallant regiment in the Spanish-American war. The glory of the charges made by the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry, who stormed the heights of San Juan in the battle of Santiago, can never fade.

President Roosevelt's tribute to the Negro soldier is a just one: "I know

the faculty of coming to the front when he is needed most. In the Civil War he came 400,000 strong, and I believe he saved the Union."

* * * * *

Mrs. Estelle Clough was born in Boston, Massachusetts, and moved to Worcester at an early age. She was



M. AUGUSTUS HODGES AND FAMILY.
Author of "What Happened to Scott."

(See page 574)

of the bravery and character of the Negro soldier. He saved my life at Santiago, and I have had occasion to say so in many articles and speeches. The Rough Riders were in a bad position when the Ninth and Tenth cavalry came rushing up the hill, carrying everything before them. The Negro soldier has

graduated from the Worcester High School, her part in the public exercises on graduation day being that of pianist. From the time she could sit on a stool, Mrs. Clough was placed at the piano, studying with Henshaw Dana and Carl Meinerette. She made fine progress as an instrumentalist, appearing in concert

as piano soloist in Boston, Springfield and Worcester. Later, she took up the study of the voice with Benjamin Hammond, as a pleasure, or rather experiment, for her voice was a small one. We give the story in her own words: "I found the study an interesting and deep one, and that a great deal could be accomplished by study, perseverance and patience. Later, I had the great good fortune to meet Madam Maria Peterson from Stockholm, Sweden, with whom I am now studying. She is a teacher of voice culture and voice building, and it is to her I owe my great success; she has shown me what can be done to a voice by hard work. Madam Peterson has the finest studio in Worcester. I am her accompanist, and couch. I also have a very interesting singing class. My husband, Benj. H. Clough, a letter carrier, is very much interested in my work and delights to see my progress. I wish I could impress it upon our young people how important it is to study, work, work hard. Do not be satisfied with a little. There is so much to be accomplished; there is no end."

William J. Smith was born in Charlestown, Mass., nineteen years ago. He attended the Cross St. primary and Warren grammar schools, graduating from the latter in 1899. He was the only colored person in the class, and was one of the three declaimers at the graduation exercises. He was graduated from the Charlestown High School in 1902, again being the only colored person in his class. He was chairman of the committee on gift to the school. He then took an advance course and was graduated last June. He was president of his class during the year. At the graduation exercises he was again a declaimer. He is a member of the Trinity M. E. Sunday School of his district, and also

a member of the Epworth League. He has been twice president of the chapter of the Junior League connected with the church. This chapter during his administration was the largest in the conference, having over one hundred members. Out of this number there were only five colored ones. He is a prominent member of the United Boys' Brigade of America, being Engineer with the rank of Captain on the staff



JAMES E. PORTER, Jr., DENVER, COLORADO.
(See page 602)

of the Brigadier-General. He is the son of Joseph H. Smith, the commander of Robert A. Bell post 134 G. A. R., and of Sarah M. Smith, a past president of the Relief Corps. He intends to make medicine his profession.

For the first time in the history of Northwestern University a colored man has been chosen as one of five men to contest for the privilege of representing Northwestern in the finals of the North-

ern Oratorical League. He is John P. Faulkner, a sophomore. His oration deals with the Negro problem. We give it, for the benefit of our readers, in our August issue, under the heading, "Man's Inhumanity to Man." Mr. John P. Faulkner was born in Paducah, Ky., December 11, 1880. At twelve years of age he came to Chicago in the care of his brothers, where he was educated in

coining his talents into the money necessary to enable him to graduate. He has been eminently successful; his teachers and classmates admire and respect the colored lad. In Cambridge he is known as "the consummate orator, the tuneful poet, whose confidence in his race, eminently fits him to be one of its future leaders; he has honorably acquitted himself in various positions of trust in the High School."

These young graduates are full of hope for the future; their noble records inspire the old race leaders with new courage. These young people are beacon lights along the road of race progress.

* * * * *

On August 12, 13 and 14, the Northeastern Federation of Women's clubs will meet in annual convention at New Haven, Conn. Delegates from all parts of the Northeastern states are expected. The convention will be held in the Dixwell Avenue Congregational church, under the auspices of the Women's Twentieth Century Club, Mrs. John Ross, president.

The Northeastern Federation was formed in 1895 by Mrs. Mary Dickerson of Newport, R. I. Mrs. Dickerson at that time was one of the vice-presidents of the National Federation of African-American Women.

The object in forming this association was to foster and encourage the work done by the women's clubs in the Northeast along the lines which tend toward uplifting of humanity and raising of the standard of true womanhood. The aim is to concentrate the energies of the organization so as to be able to work harmoniously with clubs located not only in the immediate vicinity, but also with those more distant, especially the national association of colored women.

There are nearly fifty clubs with twelve hundred women, located in



WILLIAM SMITH, CHARLESTOWN, MASS.
(See page 603)

the public schools. Mr. Faulkner is a son of Henry C. Faulkner, of Glencoe, and is a brother of James, Edward H., and George W. Faulkner, young business men of Chicago.

* * * * *

William H. Berry, whose portrait appears in the group of Cambridge, Ohio, graduates, is the author of the article, "The Hand of Providence." Young Berry has struggled up through many difficulties to the position he now holds,

Maine, Mass., R. I., Conn., New York and New Jersey.

With the work performed by the clubs the public has become somewhat familiar, due to reports given out at conventions and by the interesting and instructive talks given by Miss Elizabeth Carter, the New England organizer.

The efforts of the local club in securing the convention for New Haven will no doubt be highly appreciated by all interested in this work. And it goes without saying that the general public will heartily endorse the work.

Some of the well-known women of New England will be in attendance at this convention, and bring new ideas and thoughts, diffusing new life into the whole organization, and thereby making the session most interesting and instructive.

As the most good can be accomplished by being united, it is hoped that all who can make it possible will attend and help make the convention a success. An invitation to attend will be sent to all women clubs in the city and vicinity.



CLASS OF '03, HIGH SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE, OHIO.
William H. Berry the only colored member.

(See page 606)

BERNICE, THE OCTOROON.

MRS. M. LOUISE BURGESS-WARE.

I.

"Learn to dissemble wrongs, to smile at injuries,
And suffer crimes thou want'st the power to punish;
Be easy, affable, familiar, friendly;
Search and know all mankind's mysterious ways,

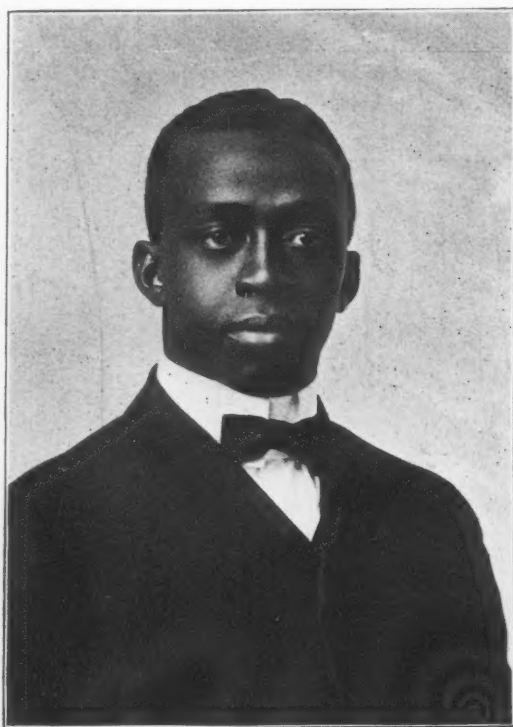
But trust the secret of thy soul to none;
This is the way,
This only, to be safe in such a world as this is."—Rowe's Ulysses.

"I'll not grieve longer over what may never be. Sometimes I think my lot hard, cruel, and unjust, then I remem-

ber that others suffer as keenly, if not more, than I."

These words were spoken by a beautiful girl, scarcely out of her teens. Her evenly developed head was covered with golden curls that reminded me of burnished gold, as the rays of sunlight fell upon them. Her blonde complexion, dainty mouth, and deep blue eyes completed one of the loveliest faces.

She lifted her tear-stained face, so like



JOHN P. FAULKNER.

See page 605)

a Madonna's, filled with unutterable love. Rising, she exclaimed, "I must attend to my duties. I want no traces of tears on my face. Inquisitive little children may ask questions that perhaps will make my heart bleed." She bathed her swollen eyes, brushed back the curls from her forehead, and rang the bell which told the children recess was over. About forty little ones came marching into the school-room, all sizes and ages,

and of every conceivable shade peculiar to the Negro race. Such bright faces, sparkling eyes and pretty teeth!

"Miss Bernice," as they called her, seemed to have good command of these little ones, although she appeared to be of a gentle, yielding temperament. Could you have looked into this country school-house, with its rude benches, ragged children and great inconveniences, you would have wondered what this college-bred lady was doing in the back woods of a Southern State, when a teacher less tenderly reared would have answered as well. Was it for money? Was it love of the race? The latter was the reason. This cultured octoroon, refined and fair as an Anglo-Saxon, was one of a despised race, and had only recently learned it.

Bernice Silva was a native of Ohio. Her father, a man of wealth and position, had married Pauline Blanchard twenty years before this story opens. She was the daughter of a wealthy Kentucky planter, and had been educated in a Western college, together with her sister, Mrs. Gadsden. The young couple were very happy, and when Bernice came with her wealth of golden curls, she was called "papa's sunbeam" by the delighted young father, whose life she crowned with joy.

All that wealth could bestow was lavished upon this child, and at a proper age, she, too, was sent to college. She became a great favorite with teachers and classmates, because of her winsome disposition and brilliant gifts as a student, her musical talent being of a very high order.

Mrs. Gadsden had a daughter Lenore who was also at college with Bernice. The two cousins were exact opposites in all things,—Lenore was as dark as Bernice was fair, as envious as Bernice was generous; she had a heart filled with jealousy and hatred for her beautiful

cousin. Beautiful herself, her haughtiness repelled those who aspired to her friendship. This was more the result of over-indulgence, for after Mr. Gadsden's death, the child was given her own will in all things.

The winter after the girls were graduated was spent by both families in the

were issued for a reception on Thanksgiving evening by Mrs. Silva, and the fortunate recipients counted themselves very lucky.

It was a night long remembered in St. Augustine. The spacious rooms were crowded by brave men and fair women. Flowers filled the air with fra-



ALBERT SIDNEY LOW, NINTH CAVALRY BAND, U. S. A.

(See page 603)

picturesque town of St. Augustine, Florida. Society there was made up of many Northern and Southern aristocrats, who greeted with open arms two beautiful and accomplished young women, possessed of wealth and prestige. There was a flutter of expectancy throughout the little colony when cards

grance, birds sang in gilded cages, fountains played, their perfumed waters falling in prismatic shades under constantly changing colored electric lights: the dreamy, pulsing notes of the band were a welcome accompaniment to romantic conversation.

It was a memorable reception for all,

but for Garrett Purnello life took a sudden change. The promising young barrister never again had eyes for a woman's fair face. He was much impressed by Bernice's beauty and modesty. He, with his passionate Spanish blood, loved her then and forever; she, with her pure heart returned his love unconsciously.

II.

Several days later, Bernice saw her father coming towards the house, accompanied by Mr. Purnello. They came immediately to the drawing-room where Mrs. Silva and her daughter were sitting. After the usual greetings, Mr. Silva said: "I brought Mr. Purnello



ST. JAMES GREENFIELD, SELMA.
(See page 602)

home to lunch, and we have been having a lively discussion of the race question. This recent disfranchisement, and the attitude taken by the majority of our sound citizens towards the black men of this country, appears unjust to me. To be sure, the ignorant vote of any people is not fit to be counted, but

still the Negro excites my pity. Ushered out of slavery into an unknown sphere of life, many have made themselves worthy to bear the name of citizen. And wholesale disfranchisement is to rob him almost of life itself. One wonders if mob law is not a stigma on our loved republic; this sweet land of liberty, the land of the noble free. It is as if the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man existed only in legends of Holy Writ. Peaceful black citizens are driven from their homes because a mob decides that they must leave a community. Is there no panacea for this evil, for evil it is?"

"To my mind, there is but one remedy," replied the younger man, "and that is being applied by Booker T. Washington and other advocates of Industrial Education. The masses of the blacks and the poor whites of our Southland must be educated, not only in books, but in trades and all those other things which crush out idleness and keep down vice. If we consider the matter seriously, we find that all this disturbance arises between the poor whites and the illiterate blacks. The intelligent Negro does not clamor for social equality; he is satisfied to be a leader of his people."

"What you say is true," replied Mr. Silva, "but it is an outrage to know that men are driven from their homes because they are Negroes. Debarred from all things which protect the white laborer, yet in spite of all this, they multiply and grow in mental and physical strength. Like the Jews they are favored of God, although despised by men. But this is dull conversation for the ladies; we will change the subject."

"But, papa," exclaimed Bernice, "I have read much concerning this matter; do not discontinue the conversation because mamma and I are here. I am sure that what involves the welfare of our

country is interesting to us, and must be to all true women."

Garrett listened eagerly; it was rare to find so sweet a girl and one so young, finding attraction in words of wisdom and discretion. A pleasant hour was spent about the social board, and then the two gentlemen spent another enjoyable hour in the music room. Garrett was entranced by the wonderful gifts possessed by Bernice. Thus sped many pleasant days, merging into weeks, and it was soon plain to the onlooking world that the young people loved each other. It was the old, old story, ever fresh, ever new.

Lenore looked on with a heart swelling with envy and indignation. She was beautiful too; why was it that the only man she had ever felt she could love, found no attraction in her? That Bernice should take him from her filled her heart with most bitter thoughts. She clinched her hands in rage as she walked the floor of her room, and swore to part them.

Very soon the engagement of these popular young people was announced. Mr. Silva reluctantly consented to give his treasure to Garrett. All his affection was centered in this beautiful child, and he could not bear to think of trusting her happiness in a stranger's hands; but he smiled as he said to his wife—"Thus it is our daughters leave us, Those we love and those who love us."

III.

About six weeks after the betrothal, Mrs. Purnello and Garrett took tea with Bernice. Mr. and Mrs. Silva had taken a trip to Tuskegee Institute. They had given considerable money for the education of the Freedmen, and so wished to see this school of schools. Mrs. Gadsden was acting hostess, and had planned a very pretty tea. Lenore had changed greatly during the past few weeks, and everyone attributed it to ill-health. In

spite of this, she tried to assume her usual manner.

While they were enjoying the tea an old Negro servant came into the room, with some tea cakes which had been forgotten. Bernice smiled at her, and admired the pretty bandana 'kerchief which she wore.

Mrs. Purnello, with a scornful smile, said quickly, "Bernice, don't admire these Negroes; they get beside themselves. I despise them; if it were not for their labor, I would be glad to have them swept out of existence."

Bernice was startled at such language from a lady's lips. Garrett was mortified; he knew his mother hated Negroes, and was oftentimes very eccentric about them. But such an outburst startled him.

Bernice glanced at Mrs. Purnello and said, "You surely could not have had a good old mammy for your nurse. Why not let these people live and thrive? We are taught, and pretend to believe that God created all alike; that Christ died for all, and commands us as Christians to love our fellow man. We are taught next to our duty to God, to love our neighbor as ourselves. How can you entertain such a feeling in your bosom, and be a member of Christ's Church?"

"Law, Honey, you'se a Christian. Don' yer waste yer bref; she ain't got no 'ligion uv any kind. My sole dis minute am heap whiter'n her face," and the old woman shrugged her shoulders, and withdrew from the dining room.

Bernice looked pained. She was about to say something, when Mrs. Purnello said in her haughtiest manner, "Bernice, we will not discuss this subject further; you must relinquish some of your strange ideas about this matter. My son's future wife cannot hold such views. You have much to learn; I hope never to hear such expressions again in my presence."

"But, my dear madam, I have no de-

sire to lay aside my good breeding nor my own convictions. I can never learn to be cruel to a race of people, who have never injured me. We have become rich through their toil," replied Bernice. "Their faults have not blinded me to their nobler qualities. They have hearts as tender as my own. All my life my heart has gone out to them, and when my parents have received appeals for help from their various homes and institutions of learning, I have longed to help them myself in some way."

Lenore had sat a silent spectator of the scene. Now she spoke.

"You can have your wish; nothing is easier, for you are one of them. Do you not know that your mother is of Negro ancestry?"

For a moment dead silence followed her words. Bernice turned white to the lips. Garrett overcame his first anger and consternation with a laugh. He had seen through Lenore's jealousy for some time. But Mrs. Purnello held up both hands in horror. She moved away from Bernice, as if the air were contaminated.

Recovering herself by a great effort, Bernice smiled. She was not now the little girl whom every one thought so meek and gentle; her eyes sparkled, her air breathed defiance.

"How long have you known this, Lenore?"

"My parents have always known it," replied Lenore, now somewhat frightened at what she had done.

"Then, if one drop of that despised blood flows in my veins, loyal to that race I will be. I did not expect such a blow from you, Lenore."

The latter made no reply, but left the room, apparently satisfied with the mischief done.

"Garrett," said Mrs. Purnello, greatly agitated, "Bernice cannot expect you to fulfill your engagement under these un-

fortunate conditions. You cannot marry a Negro."

Garrett had been silent all through the storm aroused by Lenore's assertion. He faced his mother with unusual sternness on his handsome face.

"Mother, you have said enough; if you have no respect for us, have a little for yourself. Do not hide all that is womanly in you. Remember, Bernice is a woman, and has a woman's tender feelings, and it is not necessary to try to crush her. She is dearer to me than ever, because if she be really a Negro, she will need me more than ever. She may be good and pure, but she will be counted by many as no better than the most common type of her race. I will stand by her until death. I see in her all that is pure and lovely in woman. I love her with a love devoid of prejudice; it is too late for that to separate us."

"Then you are no longer my son."

"As you say, mother. A man's word is his bond. I am strong; she is weak. I will protect her. I am willing to give up even you, because you are wrong. Where is the warm feeling which should fill your bosom as a woman? I fear, mother, there is a touch of something unnatural and inhuman in your conduct."

"Bernice, let me appeal to you. Garrett is unreasonable and Quixotic. After the first few months of married life, he would become dissatisfied and unhappy. But if you will keep this matter secret, perhaps we can hide it from the world; but if you persist in allying your fortunes with Negroes, then our friendship must end. I love Garrett; I would like to see him happy, but I love my good name too well to wish him to marry into an alien race. As you value your future happiness, think well before you decide."

Bernice smiled. "My dear Mrs. Purnello, I see no difference between you and me; my tastes are as refined and cul-

tured as yours. My skin is fairer than many of our acquaintances. My parents as cultured. Why should I be persecuted because mamma is of mixed origin? Did not God create all in His own image? Are we not taught that He is the father of all mankind? Because the despised blood of the Negro chances to flow through my veins, must I be trampled upon and persecuted? Let me ask you, how did it happen that your ancestors, whom you claim were so chivalrous and aristocratic, stooped to mix with an inferior race, and thus flood the country with the mulattoes, quadroons, and octoroons that are so bitterly despised by many of both races? Well may you blush when you think of such chivalry! My heart warms to the inferior race, and I will give all that I have in learning and culture, to follow in the footsteps of the great Teacher, who said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

Mrs. Purnello left the room without replying to Bernice.

Turning to Bernice, Garrett exclaimed passionately, "Think, Bernice, all that this means. Can you stand the snubs, insults, and temptations? My dear girl, you know not what you will have to encounter. Many will think you an Anglo-Saxon, and will treat you kindly, but if they find out what you really are, there is no ignorant Negro who will be treated more contemptuously. I cannot bear to think of it. Marry me, and forget all that has just happened."

"Garrett, I appreciate your kind thoughts for my welfare. I could not agree to anything but the right. Were I to accept your proposition I would feel like a woman wearing a mask. There is too much at stake. The sins of the fathers are surely visited upon the children. The Negro blood would show itself, if not in my children, in some of

the coming generations. The so-called curse will follow us, and I would not blight your life. I know I have been beyond recognition all these years; others have been and others will be," replied Bernice sadly.

"I admire and love you more than ever; do not come to a hasty conclusion, even though you are right; you must not injure yourself. Talk with your parents, be guided by them; to-morrow we may be better able to decide what is best to be done under the circumstances. You are mine; I will never give you up this side of eternity."

He was sincere; this was no passing fancy. He loved her. He began to wonder why the white man should be the dominant race, and considered so far above his educated Negro brother. In his heart, he thought it unjust. He was deeply grieved and sorely perplexed in spirit. He thought of the passage of Scripture, "God is no respecter of persons." He wondered what it meant. His own sorrow was not to be compared with his sympathy for Bernice. When he thought of what she had been subjected to, the muscles of his face became rigid. The veins became prominent; his countenance showed the great anguish through which he was passing.

When Mr. Silva learned of the unwomanly conduct of Lenore, he was shocked; first of all, because of her treachery; secondly, because of the Negro blood in his wife's veins. It was true that Mrs. Silva and Mrs. Gadsden were only half-sisters. They were originally from Kentucky. Their father, Joseph Blanchard, had been a wealthy slave owner. He had educated them at the same college, and when, by accident, Beatrice had learned that Pauline's mother was her "mammy," she was too horrified to expose it. She loved her sister, and as the world was none the wiser, it was quietly covered up, and both

daughters married well. Had Garrett Purnello loved Lenore, this story would never have been written.

Mr. and Mrs. Silva were grieved for Bernice. They cared nothing for themselves, but to have her life clouded in its springtime caused them much pain. They knew they could return to their Western home unmolested. But Bernice had determined not to sail under false colors, and had made up her mind to teach her people. She had a deep sense of right and wrong, and then, knowing the depth of the chasm existing between the two races, was not willing to remain in a false position. She knew nothing of her people, their manners and customs, nor the hardships which many had to endure. She did not dream of the discouragements awaiting her. She saw only their needs and her ability to help them. The ragged, ignorant, or unclean of either race, she had never come in contact with. She was ignorant of the vice that existed in the world, and when she entered upon this work, you can imagine her consternation at the sights she saw. After much persuasion, her parents consented to let her go to Maryland to teach a parish school. When our story opens she is in the school-room, trying to teach forty mischievous little children.

IV.

"Fairlily, sit down my dear," Bernice said, pointing to a little picanniny as black as midnight. Her head was covered with short, knotty hair, that looked as if a comb had never passed through it.

What a name for such a looking child. "Fairlily." She wondered where the mother got the name. Then there was a little boy named "Esther." He had an unusually large head and beautiful black eyes. His body was small and badly nourished, and the little creature seemed

to have what is known as the "rickets." The next one that attracted her attention was as white as the others were black. Her face was freckled, her hair sandy and stringy. She looked very much out of place. Looking about her, Bernice noticed similar children scattered here and there. She thought this the most motley crowd she had ever seen; there were no two alike.

"And these are my people," she mused, "indeed it is a mixture. Where did they come from, and how did they become like this? It never entered her pure mind that many of these knew no father; it did not dawn upon her that a race despising hers was at every opportunity flooding the country with children, born to be despised and persecuted. Some of these little ones were ragged and hungry, whose fathers lived in luxury, while their mothers were ignorant women who knew nothing of the development of their intellectual being, but allowed their animal natures to predominate, and brought forth children regardless of the laws of God or man. Immorality to these people had no meaning, and thus these poor little children's opportunities to become noble men and women, were very limited.

Bernice was the picture of a modern Priscilla in her simple black gown, white cuffs and apron. Her eyes were red from excessive weeping, her heart cried out in its loneliness, her task was very hard. Her boarding place was unlike her comfortable home. The log cabin had only three rooms, two of which were unfinished. Her room was the best in the house, and had a clean, bare floor, an old-fashioned bed covered with brilliantly colored quilts of various designs, a strip of home-made rag carpet answered for a mat, and two pine chairs and a table. The people around her were very sensitive, and she had to guard against hurting anyone's feelings,

for they soon would brand her as an "edicated and stuck-up yaller nigger." The food was coarse, the greens, which she ate very often, were a new article of food to her; the corn pones seemed heavy; the biscuits were a sore trial to her digestive organs, for she was used to home-made, light bread, and had never eaten very many biscuits. She had longed for a porterhouse steak, broiled and juicy, but that was unheard-of fare.

In spite of the many disadvantages, she labored on, teaching a Sabbath School in connection with her other work. It pleased her to see the children eagerly listening to the story she told them about the first Christmas. One little fellow with bright eyes, said, "Law, Miss Bernice, I never knew Christmas meant a thing more'n hanging up yer stockin's and gittin' presents. No one ever tole us anything else. Why, we gits up and runs across to Aunt Nancy and hollers, 'Christmas Gift!' She grins, and says, 'You der same, honey,' and we all has a big time. Ma comes home from de white folks, and den we hear de chickens holler, and de eggs a beatin', and Miss Nicey, yer kin smell de egg nogg way down de road. I tastes de poun' cake right now."

Bernice smiled. She thought that there was no need of going to Africa to do missionary work, there was plenty right here. Her sewing school was enjoyed not only by the little girls, but their mothers came also. One day each week she taught them how to cook and prepare food for the table in a scientific manner. Such poverty, ignorance and superstition as she saw among the lowest types! Christian education was sadly needed to save both soul and body. The public schools kept open only three or four months during the year, then to the pea-picking and other farming! Parents barely received money enough

to provide for their large families, and the people were types of illiteracy. There were many strange customs which Bernice had never heard of, such as wakes. When the people died, in the dead hours of the night you would hear wild shrieks go up in the air, which would make you shudder, and then again you would hear a wierd melody, followed by a loud prayer over the dead. Everyone at the wakes did not partake of the spirits of Frumenti, which almost always was there, but enough drank of it to give much life to the occasion.

The spiritual condition was bad; preachers were almost always called of God, but not very often educated and fitted for the work. The preacher was judged by the strength of his lungs, and oftentimes the number of big words which he used. A revival meant great excitement, exhortations, great shouting and much hilarity. Mourners went to the mourners' bench under the heat of a sermon which had vividly painted a picture of a burning lake, and his satanic majesty and his fiendish host standing ready with their cloven feet and pitchforks to throw the victims into the lake before them. People who mourned often, wrestled for several days before Satan would leave their bodies, and when they felt him as he departed, they arose and made known their experiences to the remaining sinners.

Many might have thought this ludicrous, but Bernice thought it a sad sight in a Christian land. The Negroes whom she had seen during her life were not of this type; they were people whom education and Christianity had made intelligent men and women. She felt certain that religion scared into a person could not last after the excitement was over, and how she longed to instill into the little hearts under her control that God's Holy Word and His Spirit would make them better, if they would quietly

ask him, and make up their little minds to do His will.

This town was twenty miles from any railroads, hence its backwardness.

Bernice had imported an organ. The little voices were so sweet and mellow, she often likened them to the mocking birds which warbled before her school door. Many of the people had never seen or heard an organ. How they did enjoy the music. It was not long before she learned to accompany their beautiful plantation melodies, although to a listener they are much sweeter without an instrument.

There was an interesting old lady who never missed a Sabbath. She led the melodies, and the children joined in with much fervor. Bernice could not help being touched by the weird tones and the soul-stirring words.

One Sabbath morning there was a funeral, and dear Aunt Martha led the music at the graveyard. They had all assembled around the grave; the air was filled with unearthly shrieks, the mourners were determined that everybody should know they were bereaved. Even in the midst of all the sorrow, there was something most amusing. One of the mourners had a red bandana handkerchief, wiping her eyes under a heavy crape veil. The minister committed the body to the ground, with a voice loud and trembling. Old Aunt Martha raised her tune.

Mother an' father, pray for me,
Mother an' father, pray for me,
Mother an' father, pray for me,
I've got a home in Galilee.

CHORUS.

Can't yer live humble? praise King
Jesus,
Can't yer live humble? dying Lamb.

The mourners wailed, the brothers shouted. Such a scene! Bernice had never witnessed the like before nor since. She looked towards her friend, Aunt Martha. Great drops of perspiration were rolling off her face, the tears were streaming down her cheeks, as she sang,

When you hear my coffin sound,
When you hear my coffin sound,
When you hear my coffin sound,
You may know I've gone around.

CHORUS.

Can't yer live humble? praise King
Jesus,
Can't yer live humble? dying Lamb.

There stood the old lady, under the shade of the trees, singing with all her might. Eighty-one years old, the mother of twenty-one children, unlettered, but trilling like a bird.

(To be concluded.)

They are poor that have lost nothing;
they are poorer far who, losing, have
forgotten; they most poor of all who
lose and wish they might forget.

—Jean Ingelow.

Some folks are too sensitive to be
sensible.

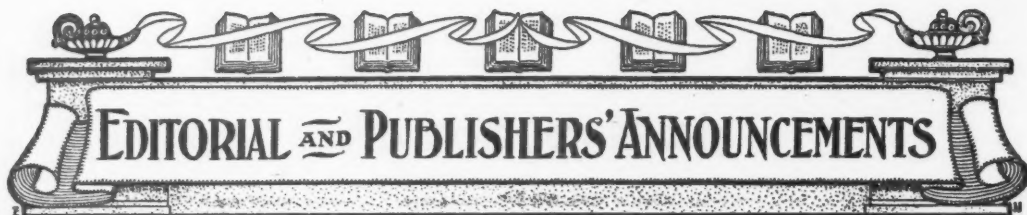
HOPE ON, TOIL ON.

Oh, my brother, are you weary?
Does the way seem long and dreary
That leads up to the new era
 You have pictured in your dreams.
Is your portion one of sorrow?
Yet be brave, and try to borrow
From the glory of the morrow
 That beyond your vision gleams.

"Never." Cease the wail of "never,"
For mankind moves on forever
Up the highway of endeavor
 To the heights that onward glow.
There is no room for despairing,
But for action and for daring,
And for helping and upbearing
 One another as we go.

Oh, my brother, cease complaining;
See, the night of wrath is waning,
And the king of light is reigning,
 And the flag of hope's unfurled.
There are evils left for righting,
There are battles left for fighting,
There are beacons left for lighting,
 To illuminate the world.

Better days are breaking o'er us,
From the nearing goal before us,
We can hear a joyous chorus
 Wafted o'er the years to be.
Through the portals, open swinging
Notes of sweet and rapturous singing
Down the Future's aisles are ringing
 From the anthems of the free.
—From "Izwa Labantu," East London,
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The New Slave System of the South.

It is now being said that peonage will be impossible in the United States after the present investigation by the government shall lead to its extermination. The convict lease system involves the very worst features of slavery. It is a horror too great for words, and ought to be frowned down by any decent, civilized government. We do not hope much from this investigation by the Department of Justice. We remember when the same thing was attempted in 1889, or thereabouts. At that time it was proved that the Georgia penal system was the vilest upon earth.

For some time a legislative committee investigated the actual workings of the system as exemplified in the conduct and treatment of convicts in different camps, hoping that an exposure of the harrowing cruelties practiced by whipping-bosses and guards might drive the Legislature into doing something towards the alleviation of the condition of convicts. At that time the convicts of Georgia numbered 1,600, Negroes largely predominating over the whites, and confined in no regular penitentiary. Senator Joseph E. Brown testified that he was part owner of Penitentiary Company No. 1, and part owner in Nos. 2 and 3. It was proved that his 500 con-

vict slaves were frightfully maltreated,—Sunday work was a common thing, many convicts were whipped to death, and the most shocking immoralities were alleged. As there were no white women in the camp, perhaps the public did not think the immoral acts of the lessees so shocking as they would under other conditions. At one time there was one white woman in the Georgia penitentiary. This woman was weak in intellect, untutored and unfamiliar with the wickedness of the camp, was locked up and kept in close confinement day and night to prevent her being ruined.

Who is there to thus carefully guard the black woman's honor, no matter how young, weak and innocent? Not one Anglo-Saxon in all this great Republic. Now, as then, the South is working hard to quash the investigation into this great and crying sin; now, as then, it is more than likely they will be successful.

The Wilmington Lynching.

"The times are out of joint," says Avon's bard, and, indeed, it seems that the great convulsions of nature are equalled or excelled by great moral upheavals in the affairs of men, at certain crises of our history. What are we coming to when a minister of the Gospel

forgets his meek and gentle Lord, to incite bloody reprisals for wrongs real or imaginary?

Strange and wonderful are the times; the heavens, so astronomers tell us, are in violent commotion. If heavenly bodies indeed have power of attraction over earthly bodies, then many strange and wantonly cruel acts are accounted for,—“The moon drawing near the earth hath made men mad.”

Rev. Dr. Dean Richmond Babbitt went to Wilmington and made a personal investigation of all the circumstances attending the crime. He declares that the lynching could have easily been prevented by the authorities. There was a mock fusilade, the programme of which was actually published beforehand by a local paper, the chief of police and aides shooting over the heads of the mob, among whom were several ex-convicts. He says of the case: “The coroner’s jury went through a farce when it returned a verdict that White came to his death by burning by persons unknown. The persons were known and are known. The release of Arthur Corwell, the only one arrested, by virtual demand of the mob and subsequent farcial trial, the fear to make more arrests just now, the thousands of excuses for the lynchers by all classes of citizens—all this shows a community corrupted in civic ideals and void of civic and moral virility. Wilmington may redeem

itself yet, Delaware may yet save her honor, by apprehending and punishing the leaders. But the cry of her press, her police, her pulpit, her public men, is ‘Let us forget.’ She may try to forget her murders, but the country will not forget them, business will not forget them, her children will not forget them.

“As to the effectiveness of lynch methods in deterring criminals, the Southerners and murderous Northern rioters make a mistake. In my judgment lynch law, which can be defended on no grounds of moral or good citizenship, can likewise be defended on no grounds of prevention of crime, even the heinous crime against womanhood. The fiendish cruelty of the lynchers of White has only glorified the latter into a martyr in the minds of those of his race of similar criminal tendencies, has awakened the lightly slumbering passions of the white and black races to vengeance and riot, weakened the administration of law, only too feeble now, throughout the land, broadened the chasm between the races, lowered American prestige in the eyes of the world, brought added prejudice against the heavily handicapped Negro race, disgraced a State and stigmatized Wilmington with an endless shame. The deepest instinct in the heart of the lynchers was not reverence of womanhood, but lust for blood, primal, savage, bestial thirst for blood.”



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